Saint Andrew's College Review

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Christmas
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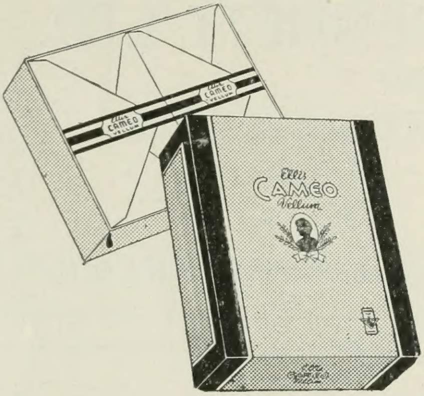

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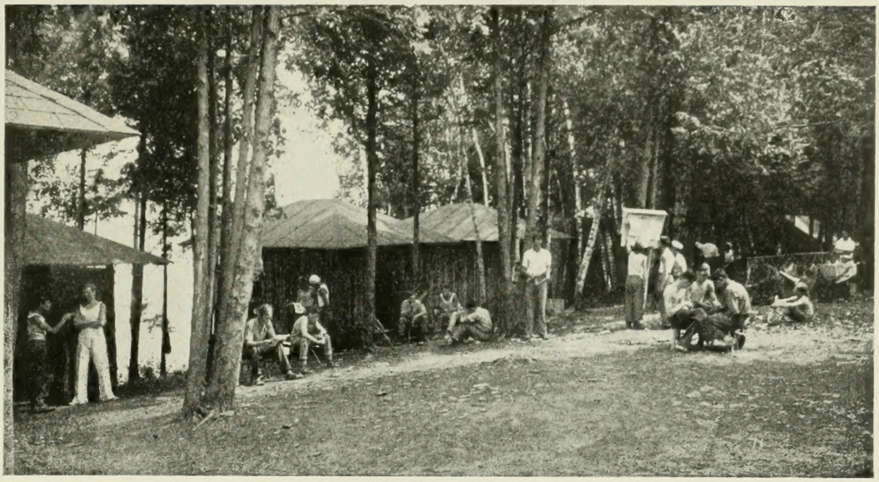

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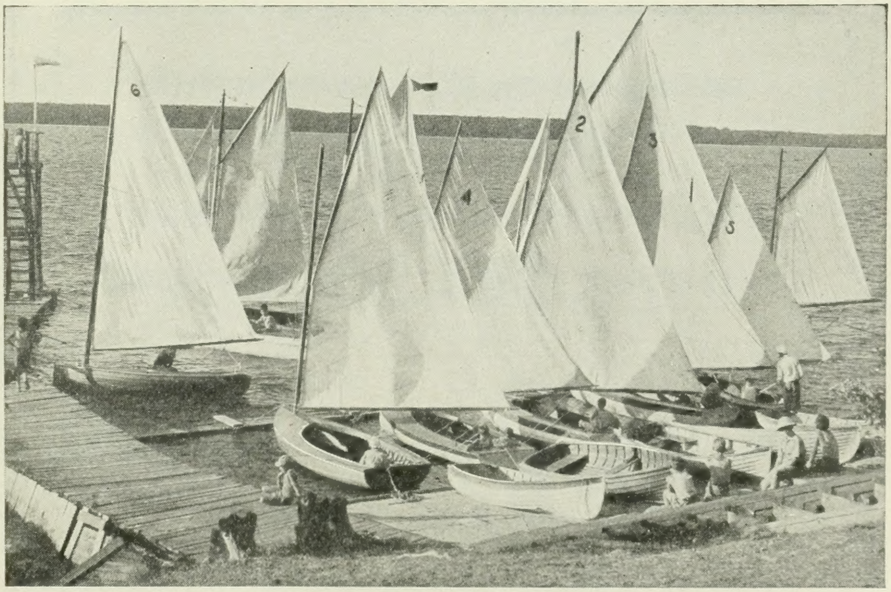

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The St. Andrew's College
Review

Christmas 1940

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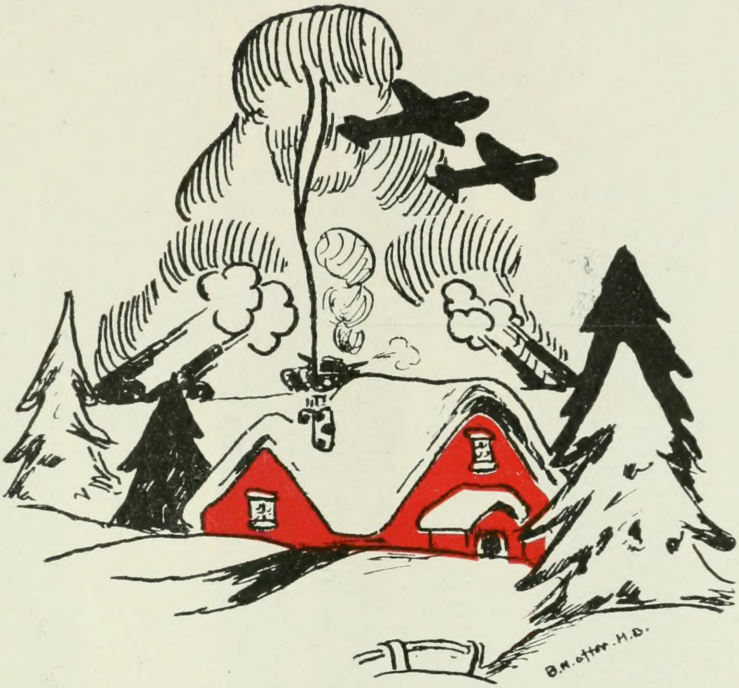


Peace on earth, good will to men shall break forth again!

BONDS OF EMPIRE

His Majesty the King compliments Rolph Grant, West Indies Cricket Captain, at the opening of a Test Match at Lords last summer. In 1929 Grant captained the St. Andrew's College Eleven. The School is indebted to the Hon. Mr. R. C. Matthews, chief patron of Canadian Cricket, for the gift of the original photograph.

St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1940

Editorial

AS another Christmas draws near our thoughts are again turned back on the year which we are soon to leave behind us. It has undoubtedly been one of the most eventful years in the history of mankind. During the first six months we were very distressed to see Hitler's plans working to perfection in the defeating of all our allies and many other European countries. The second half of the year, however, tells quite a different story; it marks the first failure in the plans of that barbarous dictator. This man expected to crush the English spirit by repeated air-raids, but instead, his attacks have been met by increasingly stronger defences and they have only succeeded in strengthening the British resolve to beat Hitler. Lately, the failures of our other enemy, Italy, have also made us feel more confident about the future. Although we know nothing about the next phase of the war, we all hope that it will end in happier days for the Democratic nations. So, as Christmas comes again with all its beauty, tradition, and joy, let us pray for a happier future in which there will be peace on earth and good will amongst men.

On behalf of the school, the Review would like to take this opportunity of welcoming our twenty-one friends who have come from other parts of the British Empire and from South America. We would also like to express our sympathy for the twelve boys whose homes are in the British Isles, and we sincerely hope that they may find in Canada the peace and happiness which Germany has temporarily taken away from their own country. It is surprising how quickly these boys from other parts of the globe have adapted themselves to our life at St. Andrew's. In many forms they have put the old boys to shame, and a number of them attained some very high percentages at Half Term. Although they have been with us for only a short time, they have already contributed much to the life of the school, and on many occasions we Canadians are profiting by their examples. It is our hope that they, too, are benefiting by their contacts with us, and that they may carry away from this school something which will be of value to them in later life.

* * *

This year congratulations should be given to every member of the First Rugby Team for keeping up the School tradition of good, clean, hard-fought football. Although we lost all three Little Big Four Games, nevertheless there isn't a boy in the School who wasn't justly proud of our team, especially on the day of the Upper Canada game. Lack of weight and experience were the only causes of our defeats. A great deal of credit should again go to Mr. Bobby Porter, who seems to have the power of putting genuine spirit into every team that he coaches.

* * *

Early in the term J. E. Davis was appointed Head Prefect and W. B. Gourlay was made a School Prefect. Shortly afterwards Mr. Ketchum instituted a new body of senior boys, known as House Prefects, to carry out the many and varied duties about the School. The boys appointed for these new positions were: W. A. Cobban, J. R. Good, R. L. Graham, J. E. Kilmer, W. M. MacPherson, and A. S. Rutter.

* * *

We are again very grateful to the Ladies' Guild, which recently sent us twenty-five dollars, to be spent in the buying of books and magazines for the School Library.

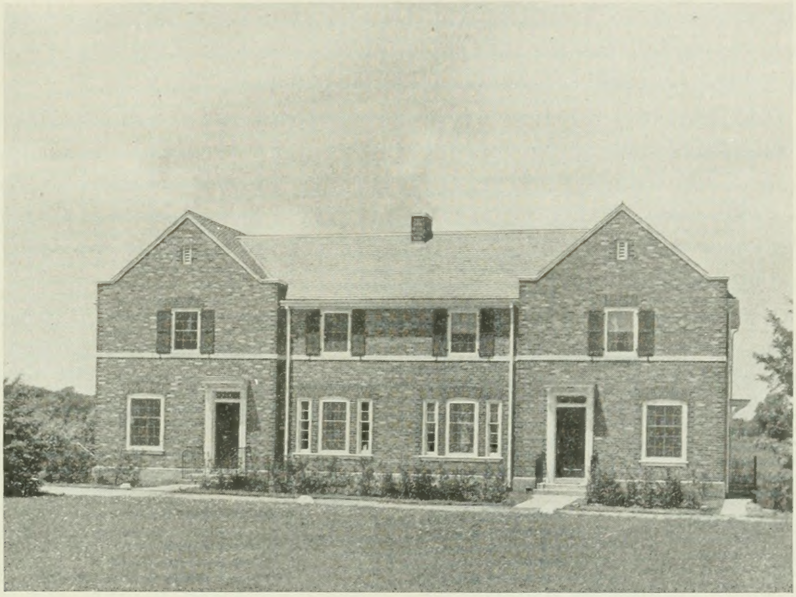
* * *

For the first part of the term Cadet Corps drill was carried out every morning. The boys worked extremely well and seemed to be very conscientious about their drill. On the day of the inspection the fine co-operation of the cadets and officers produced one of the best performances ever staged at St. Andrew's. Mr. Wright, who has always worked earnestly yet patiently, deserves much credit for this excellent showing.

We would like to congratulate Mr. Sweeney on his recent marriage to Miss Doreen Donovan of Toronto. The REVIEW takes great pleasure in welcoming Mrs. Sweeney to the School and we hope that she will enjoy many happy days at St. Andrew's.

* * *

In closing this editorial, the REVIEW would like to extend to all its readers a very happy Christmas.



THE CAMPBELL HOUSES

Through the good offices of Mr. Graham Campbell, a member of the Board of Governors, the School has been able to undertake the erection of this pair of houses as Masters' residences. The architect was Mr. Bruce Wright, one of our Old Boys, and the design conforms with that of the other buildings.

After many years as Secretary of the Old Boys' Association, and having completed last year the Normal School course for teachers, Mr. Gordon Hewitt is now a member of the Lower School Staff. In addition to his teaching duties and other interests, which include cricket, fencing and excellent work as Staff Adviser of the REVIEW, he continues his secretaryship of the O.B.A. from the School which is now the central office of the association. On behalf of the whole School, the REVIEW extends to Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt a very warm welcome.

Schools and Schools

AFTER being at school in England for over eight years, I was suddenly removed from there and sent to a school in Canada. It is therefore not surprising that I found things somewhat different to what I had been accustomed. Everything seemed strange and unfamiliar, and it took me some time before I was able to take stock of things. But when I was able to do so, I realized that this strangeness was through my being a new boy rather than through any differences between English and Canadian schools, for any school appears strange at first.

This accounted for most of the unfamiliarity that I had experienced, yet there were some differences for which I could not account in a similar manner. On looking back it struck me that the main differences were superficial rather than fundamental, and now I have been here longer, I realize that the principles of Canadian schools are virtually the same as those in England.

It seems then that it is in the details that the schools differ. In work I soon discovered that the standard was considerably lower than that to which I had been accustomed, and that the range of studies could hardly be compared with that of a similar class in England. It appears that the work done in the higher forms of English public* schools is equivalent to that done here in the Universities. Nevertheless I soon found that what was lacking in range of studies was repaid by greater freedom at an earlier age; for, while over here one is enjoying the freedom of university life, in England one would be covering the same work while still under the restrictions of school life.

In athletics, I find it hard to draw a comparison, for, chiefly owing to the difference in climate, English schools have little in common with those in Canada. Canadian football, nevertheless, is worth comparing with English Rugby, for, after all, it does owe its existence to the latter game. I suppose the main differences are in the principles of the two games, for whereas one is really a form of drill, the other is a game in the real sense of the word. Although I should like to say more on this point, I feel that it might either incur the hostility of certain persons, or might fail to justify the title of this article. There are two excellent reasons for my saying nothing about some of the other Canadian games, namely, that I have never played most of them, nor have I seen some played. One point more, however, I should like to mention. The chief objection to athletics in England was their monotony, whereas here, variety seems to be the order of the day.

---

*Editor's Note—In England the private school is called a "public" school.

An article of this sort would naturally be incomplete without some contrast of the different modes of living. At first I thought that there would be insufficient freedom here, but I lost no time in realizing my mistake. On the whole, I think that here one gets more freedom, in every sense of the word, than one would ever do in England, and, on looking back, I think that the rigor of English public school discipline, although there is a great deal to be said for it, might well be disposed of for a more liberal system. Yet I still maintain that if a school can reach the stage when its discipline is almost entirely in the hands of the boys, it has accomplished something towards better education.

In concluson, I think that this comparison may be aptly summed up in two words: while one is liberal, the other remains conservative. I will leave the reader to decide which is which.

G. R. M. SEWELL, Upper VI.

Mars

PROBABLY no other planet has captured the popular imagination as much as our red neighbour, Mars, a rather ironical fact, considering the present times.

Public interest was first attracted by Schiaparelli's discovery, in 1877, of the famed "canals" of Mars. Actually Schiaparelli called the markings "canali" meaning channels, which was, however, incorrectly translated into English as "canals", implying that they are of artificial construction. Nor was this without support. Lowell, a well known astronomer, firmly believed that they were artificial; that they were constructed by intelligent beings; and as evidence drew attention to the geometrical characteristics of the canals.

Mars is a relatively small planet, being only slightly larger than half the size of the Earth. It rotates in approximately 24 hours, and revolves about the Sun at an average distance of 142 million miles in slightly less than two terrestrial years.

Mars has two moors, Phobos and Deimos—Fear and Panic, suitable companions for Mars, which have diameters of approximately 10 and 5 miles respectively; mere pebbles when compared to our own two thousand mile diameter colossus. Incidentally, we have the largest satellite, in comparison with the size of the planet. As a matter of fact, to be exact, the Moon does not revolve about the Earth. Both revolve about a common center of gravity, which is within the Earth, though some two thousand miles from the core!

The idea of life on Mars is not so fantastic as it may seem, for Mars has an atmosphere, though somewhat more rarified than that of the Earth, containing oxygen and water vapour—indications of at least plant life; as oxygen is an active element, and would probably not exist in a free state unless given out continuously by plants.

As Mars is 50 million miles further away from the Sun than we are, the climate is consequently considerably colder, but not too cold for life, especially when you consider the fact that certain terrestrial plants can exist in Antarctica.

Seasonal changes have been observed on Mars! As the Martian summer approaches, the polar "ice" caps shrink, and the canals and seas become darker and darker green in colour. In the autumn the canals and seas begin to fade, the polar "ice" caps increase in size, and by winter the canals and seas fade to a chocolate brown. These changes certainly suggest the growth and decline of vegetation.

Slipher at the last close opposition detected the spectrum of chlorophyll, which unmistakeably proves the existence of vegetation on Mars, as chlorophyll is a substance found only in plant. Whether there is animal or even intelligent life on Mars must remain for the present an intriguing problem.

FRED HURTER, Lower VI.

Milligan
'40

Naval Warfare 1797-1806

AT the beginning of the Napoleonic Wars, Britain's navy was in the worst possible state. At the end of the war, however, it attained, under Nelson, a very high standard, and made certain for Britain the title of "Mistress of the Seas."

Since Britain was an island, it was essential for her to have a good navy if she wished to maintain her freedom. If Napoleon, as he said himself, could have been supreme on the seas for eight hours only, he could have invaded England. Thanks to the genius of Nelson, he never obtained this supremacy.

The first naval battle of note was the battle of the First of June 1797, where Howe defeated the French fleet preparing to transport troops. In October, the English fleet under Duncan defeated the Dutch at Camperdown. Before this battle Duncan proved himself very ingenious and bold. Just when he had the Dutch fleet nicely bottled up in harbour, the news of the mutinies of Spithead and Nore was signalled and Duncan's squadron immediately revolted and sailed away. However, Duncan in his ship, bluffed the French by continued signalling to imaginery ships over the horizon. When the Dutch finally learned that they had been duped, they sailed out of the harbour, but by this time the mutiny had been quelled and, his ships having returned, the Dutch were defeated. In this same year the combined French and Spanish fleets were defeated at Cape St. Vincent by the British navy under Jervis and Nelson.

In 1798 Napoleon set out in his Egyptian campaign. At the time, Nelson was cruising in the Mediterranean with a watchful eye, but because of a storm, missed the French ships transporting the troops. It would have been very interesting to have compared Napoleon, the great general, with Nelson, the great admiral, in a battle, but fate was averse. Nelson, however, followed up the French fleet, and thoroughly trounced it at the Battle of the Nile, capturing or destroying all but four of the French ships. This battle shattered Napoleon's Egyptian campaign. At this battle, Nelson used his skill as a sailor. The French fleet had anchored close to the shore in Aboukir bay, and, thinking that it was impossible to get between them and the shore, they prepared the seaward sides of their ships only, for action, and they had the added protection of land batteries set up. Nelson, however, with great boldness, slipped in between the French fleet and the shore, and before the land batteries could change their elevation, shattered most of the French fleet.

In 1801 the Danes were compelled by Napoleon to make war on Britain with their fleet, and were defeated at Copenhagen by the British fleet under Parker with Nelson as second in command. It was at this battle that, when signalled by Parker to retire, Nelson, with all his audacity, put his telescope to his blind eye and said that he did not see the signal.

Probably the best known of Nelson's battles was the battle of Trafalgar, 1805. The French and Spanish fleets were so badly crippled here, that any hope that Napoleon might still have entertained of winning the supremacy of the sea was finally defeated, and any fear of invasion was completely abolished. In this great battle Nelson fell, but he had not left his work unfinished. To complete the wrecking of fleets, the Danish fleet was finally destroyed at Copenhagen 1806. From this time on, the sea-power of the Danes gradually diminished.

Fighting, however, is not a navy's chief purpose, but only helps it to gain its end. It must also blockade ports, such as Toulon, a French port that was blockaded by the British in 1798. This is very necessary to prevent food, raw materials and luxuries from entering a country, and thus to lower the morale of the people. To enforce the Continental System 1806, which closed French and allied ports to ships coming from England, Napoleon had to have a good navy. That is one reason why this system failed. Britain also used her fleet to enforce the orders in council which declared a blockade against France.

The navy must prevent invasion. The battle of Trafalgar and many other battles as well, were fought to keep Napoleon's armies out of England. This applied especially to England in those days because the sea was the only means by which enemy troops could invade her.

The navy is used to transport troops and supplies to whatever part of the world a campaign is being waged. It saved a great part of Moore's army when he was withdrawing from Spain and it certainly saved the British troops from utter destruction in this present war at Dunkirque.

Another very important service done by the navy for Britain is the guarding of sea routes and the keeping open of communications so that food will come regularly to her in times of war. This is very important to Britain since she cannot produce enough food for her own population, and relies on imported food.

All these facts show that the navy is of the utmost importance to Britain.

W. A. Cobban, Upper VI.

A laddie from college named Breeze
Weighed down by B.A.'s and M.D.'s
Collapsed from the strain.
Said the doctor: "It's plain
You're killing yourself by degrees."

The Royal Navy at War

IN wartime the Royal Navy has two main duties; in the first place to ensure the safety of British ships on the high seas; and secondly, to seek the enemy and destroy him.

Great Britain must import 50,000 tons of foodstuffs—the cargoes of 150 ships—each day to keep her population of fifty million supplied with food. She must also import vast quantities of raw materials to feed her industries. She must export her finished products to pay for the materials imported. An admiralty survey showed that there was an average of about 1,460 British ships at sea each day, and that there was an additional 850 in ports all over the world. It also showed that much of Britain's trade is carried by foreign ships.

These facts help one to realize the magnitude of the task facing the British Navy, since it is responsible for the safety of all ships carrying British goods. They also help a person to understand the story behind sign notices in shop windows as "Britain Delivers the Goods", or "Thanks to the British Navy we now have such and such an article in stock."

The story of dauntless courage, devotion to duty, and endurance of these British sailors is truly remarkable. The following account of suffering and heroism well illustrates the spirit prevailing throughout the Navy. Not long ago two British seamen, their ship having been sunk without warning or mercy by a German raider, travelled 2,500 miles, in seventy days, in an eighteen-foot boat on a diet of rainwater, of which there was very little, and seaweed. At the outset of their voyage they had had five companions, but of these, one died of wounds when his vessel was sunk; two went mad from the heat and jumped overboard; and the remaining two, realizing that two stood a chance of surviving, whereas four did not, heroically sacrificed themselves by jumping overboard and drowning themselves.

In conclusion I would like to quote a few lines of an address given by a senior naval officer to a class of naval recruits. "You have a great tradition to uphold," he said. "You are in the senior service. Remember always the empire was made by the navy, upheld by the navy, and will be preserved by the navy. Without the navy there would be no empire."

J. J. MacBrien, Lower VI.

Gunman (to Hopkins)—"Hands up or I'll blow your brains out!"
Hopkins—"Ha! ha! ha!"

The Lost Love

O why had he gone, why had he gone?
Nothing was left, cried she;
And the bittern boomed, and the sly frogs croaked,
While the water ran down to the sea;
Nothing was left, nothing was left,
Nothing at all, cried she.

The water ran down to the sea; it cast
The cold mud up at the side,
And the sly leathern frogs, with their mocking throats,
Nothing was left, they cried;
Nothing was left, nothing was left,
No, nothing at all, they cried.

And the thin green rushes, they lifted their hands.
Their twisted green hands to the sky,
And they whined and they moaned, in the weary, grey wind,
But Nothing was all her sigh;
Nothing was left, no, nothing was left,
Nothing at all, was her sigh.

Till she sank down past the cold, cold brink,
And her tresses they floated free;
And the quiet ripples shook as they came to the reeds,
And their whisper would ever be,
Nothing, nothing, no, nothing at all,
Nothing at all is she.

J. L. Jarvis, Upper VI.

Robinson—"I've done this question five times and it always comes out to zero."

Mr. Fleming—"Well, that's the right answer."

Robinson—"Do you mean to say that I've done all that work for nothing?"

* * *

Kilmer (leaning out of bus window)—"Hi Cookie!"

The wrong girl turned around.

Kilmer—"Not you, Dog-Biscuit."

A British Subject

THREE days were set aside in the month of August of last summer, when all Canadian citizens were required by the Dominion Government, to register.

When I answered the various questions their contents did not arouse my curiosity; but as the day progressed I began to think; what did it mean to be registered as a "British Subject"? for that is what I called myself on the Registration Card.

In the past British Subjects have been able to elect to office whomsoever they wished to represent them in Parliament. They have been allowed to practice their religion freely, and as long as we obey the law we are free citizens of this Dominion. This freedom of speech, thought, and action is called Democracy.

To-day, this "system" is being severely challenged by two aggressive nations, and it is up to us to do everything to the best of our ability to thwart their efforts. We are now called upon by our Country to render her whatever services we have to offer. As British Subjects we hold in trust certain legacies that have been won by our forefathers. We are British Subjects and we must "carry on". To do this we must be prepared to act. By signing the Registration Card we commit ourselves to this patriotic duty when our time comes.

At present, being a member of the British Commonwealth of Nations means much more than just saying "I am a Britisher". It means we must put these words into action. If we fail, Hitler will be on our door-step in no time.

Now the question arises, how best can we, as students, contribute our share in this fight for the life we love? Surely one way is to be thrifty, another is to smash any pessimism. We, as registered citizens, although not old enough to take an active part in the services, can contribute constructively to the Canadian war effort and thereby prove ourselves to be worthy British Subjects.

CAMERON I, Form IV.

"The Door"

AS we slowly ascended the dilapidated stairs of a certain deserted house in the slums of London, we came at last, after our perilous ascent, to a long and dreary corridor at the end of which, barely visible in the coming shades of night, could be seen a little door. Slowly we made our way down this passage, the dust rising from under our feet. It was evident from the cracked plaster, the cobwebs, the broken floor boards, and the dust, that this particular part of the house had been deserted for many years. We walked very quietly, almost fearfully, as if terrified by something, we knew not what. When we came to the door we examined it, and found, much to our surprise, that what had appeared, at first glance, to be a broken down antique, was, in reality, a very firm structure, made of some kind of hard wood, possibly oak. My friend then reached for the rusty door-knob, and, finding that it was unlocked, turned it and gave a sharp push. The door swung open with a groaning creak, and revealed to us, not as we had expected, some extraordinary or horrifying sight, but a very plain-looking room. It was unfurnished, as one might expect to find in a deserted house, with its walls covered by a cheap yellow paper, faded in places and ripped in others. The only illumination of the room was provided by a small window, in which all the panes of glass were either cracked or entirely broken. Running across the ceiling were three thick wooden beams, a thing so common in many of the old-fashioned houses. It was while I was casually glancing up at the ceiling that I noticed a long rope hanging from the centre beam. Transfixed with horror, I pointed it out to my friend, and he too stared, as though hypnotized at that long sinuous piece of hemp swaying gently in the light breeze coming through the broken window-panes. I do not know why this seemed so terrifying; I suppose that it isn't so unusual to see a piece of rope hanging from a beam in the centre of a room; but in this particular house, with its dreary rooms and gloomy corridors, its state of disrepair and neglect, and its oppressive atmosphere, I could not help but associate that long rope with the gallows, and in my mind I pictured the body of a man, his face horribly convulsed, his eyes protruding, hanging by the neck. He might, I considered, be swaying in the breeze, just as this very rope was doing.

Suddenly, breaking that terrible spell which seemed to hold us both, we turned and ran, leaving a cloud of dust behind us. We bolted down those rickety stairs at the end of the corridor—those same stairs we had climbed so cautiously a few minutes before. At last reaching the front door, we fled out into the swirling mists and deepening shadows.

Later, I learned that in that very house, in fact, in that very room a notorious murderer had taken his own life by hanging himself. This experience has successfully cured me of breaking into deserted houses.

Alfred Mulock, Lower VI.

Shipbuilder—"What engines do you want in your boat?"
Owner—"Oh Diesel do."

"Convoy"

(Lightbourne's experience as set down by W. B. LAPPIN, Lower VI)

WHEN I returned to Bedford School at the beginning of the summer term, little did I think that before the end of that term I should be in Bermuda. However, that is what happened; for one day I received a letter from my parents telling me to go home on the following Saturday, complete with all my baggage.

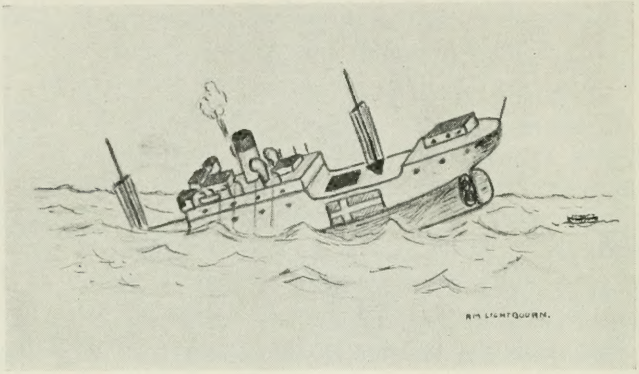
After a fortnight's holiday at home, accompanied by my father, mother and sister, on a Sunday morning, I arrived at Euston Station, bound for a so-called "Unknown Destination", guessed to be Liverpool. Two hours after our arrival at Liverpool, after all our baggage had been searched, printed matter censored, and other customs enquiries undergone, we boarded the ship. There we had to hand over our cameras to the purser till we arrived in Bermuda. While waiting for our sailing papers we had two air-raids, which did not tend to increase our peace of mind.

At last, on Tuesday, we steamed down the Mersey River, passing two torpedoed ships; the thought that these two ships had been torpedoed six miles off-shore made one ask oneself the question "What'll happen to us, far out in mid-Atlantic?"

Two days out from Liverpool, while I was talking to some of the hands up for'rard, there was a terrific explosion and the vessel shook from stem to stern. The crew rushed up on deck, some still eating their dinner; passengers, putting on life jackets, rushed about, and stormed the purser's office to collect their money; in fact, for a space, confusion reigned. Various reasons for the exposion were given: depth-charges dropped by the destroyer; torpedoes from a submarine or mines. But, as all the boats remained intact, it was concluded that a magnetic mine had been exploded by the ship aft, which, owing to the depth of water, had had no effect. After the destroyer, which had appeared on the scene at the beginning, had investigated, the convoy continued normally once more.

On the following day we met some quite rough weather with a pretty heavy sea running. About 10.30 in the morning, on gazing around, to my amazement, I saw a small vessel of about 5,000 tons apparently sinking. At first I could hardly believe my eyes. But, heeling to port, she began to settle by the bows, and suddenly plummeted to the bottom. A friend of mine, timing it, found that she sank only five minutes after being hit in the first place. Fortunately, all the crew except the bo's'n were saved. The sudden disappearance of the ship mystified everybody until the story became generally known.

However, that was not to be all. For, an hour and a half later, while I was conversing with some friends, there were two deafening explosions. Turning round I saw two cascades of water shooting from the side of a tanker, and heard rapid gunfire from a merchant ship firing at an invisible submarine. Following this, it being apparent that there was a submarine in the vicinity, everybody went to their boat station and waited there, expecting to be hit at any moment, nothing happened, however. Meanwhile, the tanker, losing way, had dropped astern. The damage was not serious and, after getting up steam, the vessel turned back for England.


RM LIGHTBOURN.

Because the two escort vessels had left the convoy the night before, after the last incident, the commodore in charge of the convoy ordered it to break up. That night two more ships were sunk, and everybody began to get fed up.

Finally after thirteen days of anxiety and suspense at sea we picked up a pilot off St. George Island, and eventually dropped anchor in Grassy Bay, very thankful to have reached Bermuda in safety.

Thou Shalt Do No Murder

YOU pacifists," he was saying, "are under a delusion. The horror of killing is not instinctive; it is educated into us."

I looked at him as he leaned forward in the armchair opposite, gesticulating eagerly. And, as if from nowhere, a terrible idea came to me, the idea of beating open that head of his, and crushing the brain. I was filled with horror at the thought.

". . . Thou Shalt Not Kill is a society-made law. Most of us can discard it when we go to war . . . "

All at once, I knew he was right. The feeling of horror left me, and I could regard the idea of murder without any emotion, just a numb feeling. Then I had an uncontrollable impulse to try it. I rose, took up the poker, and began adjusting the fire. Suddenly I wheeled round, rushed at him and seized him by the throat. His eyes bulged, but he could not utter a sound. I hit him over the head with the poker, and he slithered to the floor. A wild thrill surged over me. I had power; I had absolute power! I had not known the blessed strength that was in me, the strength that could destroy life! I beat and beat again the head of my sometime friend, my fierce ecstasy mounting at every blow, my soul being lifted out of myself, expanding, and filling all space! . . . .

Then . . . . everything collapsed . . . . to nothing. I was left with just that numb feeling again. My eyes were fixed on the poor fool who had argued himself to death, and at the firelight flickering over the fluid that trickled from the pulp that had once reasoned. I had no feeling whatever. All that pure joy of a moment before had left me. But I did not feel any repulsion, any regrets. Just that numbness . . . .

And now I am here, with that numb feeling still upon me, without hope, without care. Here, "Guilty . . . . but insane."

J. L. JARVIS, Upper VI.

Music at St. Andrew's

THAT music is to be found in the curricula of educational institutions the world over may be accounted for in perhaps two ways. Firstly, and the ideal system finds this point uppermost, it is honestly desired by the student body, the vast majority of whom agree with the ancient exhortation which adorns many a music room—"Mufick if a good fing". And then, the subject generally finds enthusiastic supporters in those who govern such institutions; men with perhaps no more than average appreciative ability, but who have found, to paraphrase another old maxim, that, in common with art and literature, "music is something without which man can live, but not as well".

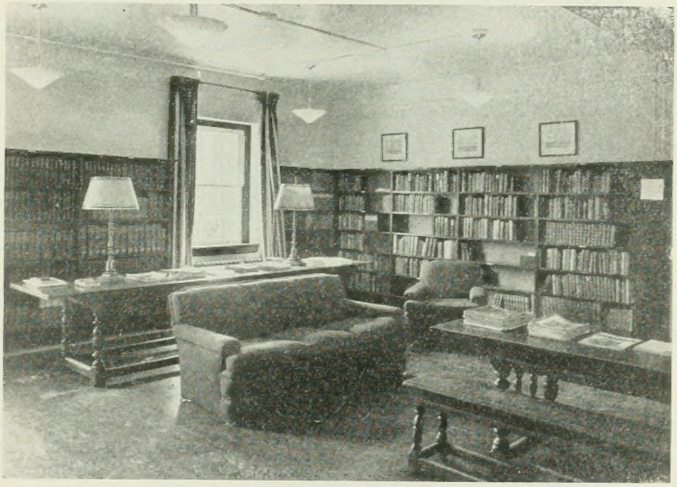
I must confess that on a clear understanding of the first of these factors rests the whole of my theory of school music. It is not as obvious a thought as you might think, for it has been my misfortune to see more than one instance of music being heartily disliked by a whole group of students—usually the result of some flaw in the presentation. It is a very real crime this, resulting as it does in not only a pretty unpleasant time for everyone concerned but a dangerous influence affecting such native talent as may be present in such a group. Well, enough of the negative, what is our aim at St. Andrew's?

In every group of persons, musical talent is found in varying degrees. We have, for instance and probably always will have, a few boys with exceptional talent (I hope not too many of the genius variety, for that unfortunate word has gradually taken on an unpleasant meaning too closely linked with long hair, absentmindedness and lack of soap and water), and all other grades of talent—visible and latent. We are concerned with two phases of such talent—its enjoyment and its development.

I hope that you enjoy our music—here are a few of the reasons why I think you do. You sing, in the words of more than one old boy "with the zest which we used to confine pretty largely to the playing field". There are more requests for musical activity than the time-table can countenance, and your casual conversations with me are becoming more and more probing. One's artistic development is often unconscious in its progress—average ability, an open mind and reasonable influences usually result in a deeper appreciation as a matter of course. Here again I think the signs are favourable. Hymnal requests incorporate good music except a few old friends which I assure you will always be sung as long as they continue to add to the meaning of your worship. You learn new tunes readily. There are more boys taking private music tuition than I ever dreamed probable in a school of this size. The orchestra appears anxious to show that strange sounds can once again be transformed into pleasing ones, and now comes a request for a Glee Club. Most of all, though, and this is where our two aims unite in their results, I hear you whistling themes of Bach and Corelli with the same apparent pleasure as when tunes of the present day are in your minds. Such is our hope. May you, on leaving the school, include this part of your work on the enjoyable side of the ledger and may you have learnt enough about fine music to be able to continue such enjoyment in later years.

There is this word which must be added if this article is to be in any measure complete. No one should forget the fact—I become increasingly aware of it—that the present more or less satisfactory state of music at St. Andrew's is due to a great extent to the active interest and enthusiasm of the Headmaster. You know him well enough to realize that I say this at the risk of annoying him and only because it happens to be the simple truth. This modest contribution to your REVIEW is made on the condition that its last paragraph does not fall prey to the blue pencil of the gentleman in question.

D. OUCHTERLONY, *Director of Music.*



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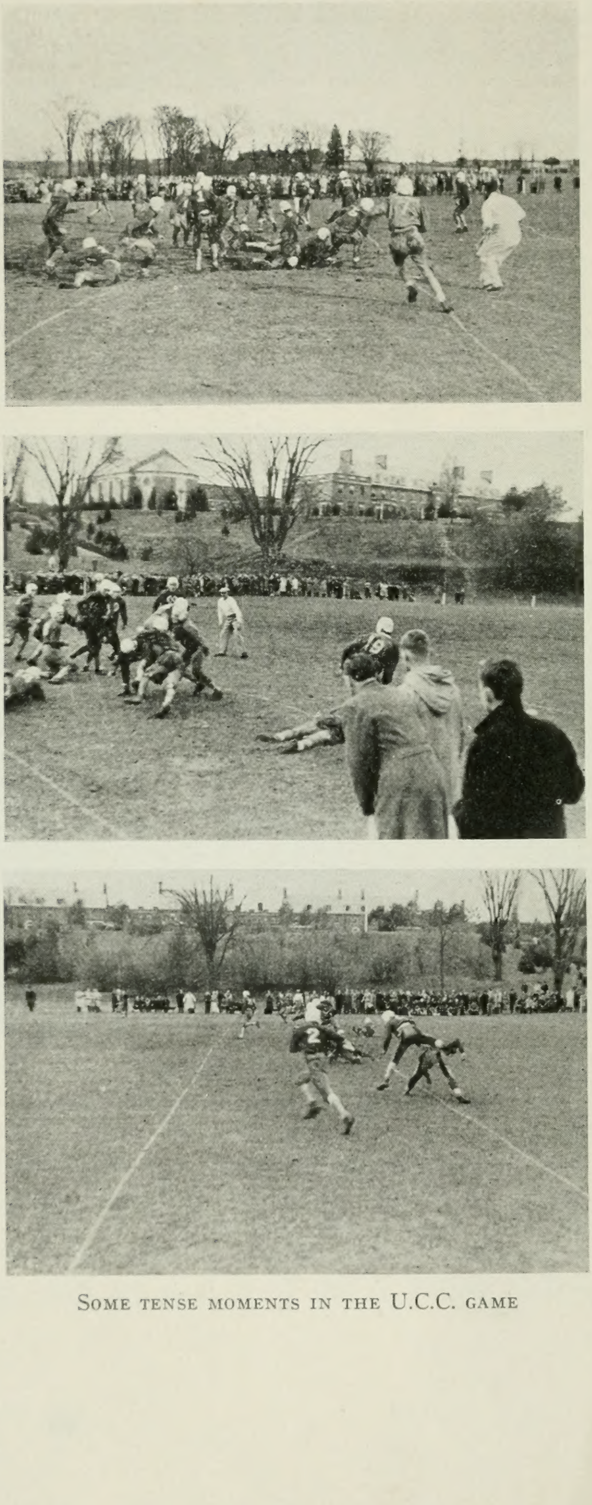


Some tense moments in the U.C.C. game

Morning Classes from a Back Seat

WELL, here's the first period, Literature. If he's in a good mood I'll sleep; Shakespeare's a good fellow to doze to . . . Don't tell us we have that darn piece of memory work; I think it ought to be burned . . . Is he still droning that speech? . . . King Henry must have been a good guy; I wonder how many meals he ate a day . . .

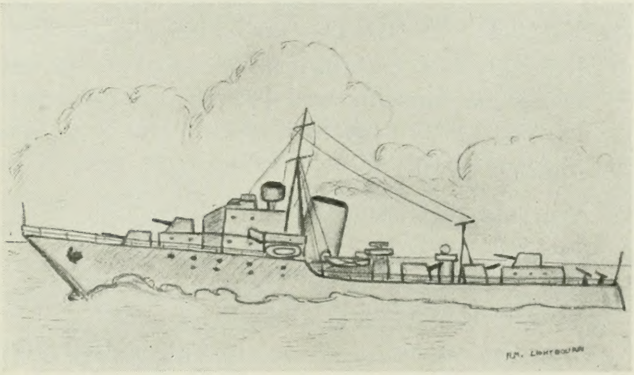
Well, there's the bell, so hello Latin; that reminds me of a poem the "Head" caught me writing in class:

Latin is a language
Dead as dead can be.
First it killed the Romans,
And now it's killing me.

He made me learn some other poem about somebody being dead . . . I HATE Latin ! ! ! These verbs get me down . . . I think . . . well. See, there's the buzzer. This Monday morning has gone fast . . . so far; French now. French and Latin get me going; so does Scripture, Algebra, Science, Geometry, Literature, History, Composition, and the other subjects we have . . . oh its a mad world . . . Future Anterior—What's the good of learning a future tense any more future than the next meal? Past tenses are no good either except thinking of the last meal. It's . . . ah . . . the bell; now for the Tuck shop!

It's a stupid thing putting Geometry right after Algebra, and it's a stupid thing putting Algebra after recess, because Algebra's not the stuff to digest hot-dogs with. I'll speak to the management. Ah, the eagle-eyed master has caught Rosy's eyes off his book—see him after 3.15—Poor Rosy! That buzzer means Geometry and then lunch—BOY, I hope there's plenty of food. . . . I think I'll snooze to pass time away . . . thanks for waking me up, Hall, I nearly missed the most important period.

A. E. VROOMAN, Form IV.



Ode to a Very, Very Long and Low Dog

In days of yore in Highland lands,
Where "pooches" are thin and lean,
A "Dandy" Dinmont for his hunt
A little dog did breed.

A dog with short and stubby legs
His nose upon the ground
He burrowed holes here and there
To see what could be found.

This dog, whom we have here described,
Abides in our fair college.
He has just reached the age of six;
We now unfold his knowledge.

For hours he will sit and stare
When told by master "Stay there!"
When from his master the word is said,
"Er-r-r-r Danny go to bed!"

At five each day he comes to eat.
Naught will suffice, but uncooked meat;
His favourite dish he likes to nibble;
That is, of course, Hamburger Kibble.

His manly choice, of course, is girls;
They are attracted by his curls.
Gone are the days when dog loved man,
Because we've females in this land.

Men are the chief cause of his bark;
His voice is not like that of lark,
Rather, it is a doggy sound
Which echoes here and all around.

He really is a faithful dog;
Along the corridors he'll jog
Directly at his master's heels,
Showing exactly how he feels.

We hope that Danny stays with us
For years and years to come.
He may annoy us all at times,
But, then, he's lots of fun.

E. P. Gardiner, Form IV.
R. B. Stapells, Lower VI.

A Fascinating Sport

I FEEL it to be my duty to take up the pen in championship of an ancient and noble sport, enjoyed by young and old, a sport which, alas, is threatened with oblivion; I refer to weecking the squeevil.

When the last fierce blast of winter has departed, when the buds have at length burst their warm casing, when we perceive the fresh, green shoots pushing through the moist brown earth, and the sun again smiles down with his wonted friendliness; then it is that a lithe puny body can be seen leaping gracefully from bough to bough, rejoicing in its new-found life, and we exclaim, "Ah, it is the squeevil!", and we know in our hearts that Spring has come.

That the squeevil-weeck has been enjoyed for many a generation before us is evident from the writings of antiquity. It is the poet Tudullus who passionately exclaims:

> O quid solutis est beatius curis
> Vecatu optimo squivillioso.

and it is Obesius the Elder, in the decadent days of Rome, who reminds us how delectable a dish is the squeevil, when fried in its skin. Then we all know the lines of our own greatest poet:

> O thou that sitt'st atop the lofty pine
> And aerial antics practisest so free, ...

while we have Jakob Ceilington's monumental treatise, The Indiscreat Weecker, one of our great prose works. And so he who goes weecking, does so in an aura of the past, with the ghost of many an old weecker to spur him on.

Having enlarged upon the historical background, I pass on to the ways in which one can practise this most delightful of sports. The squeevil can be weecked (that is to say, caught, for the quaint archaic term is still employed)—weecked, in a number of different ways. But I shall confine myself to a few of the more important ones.

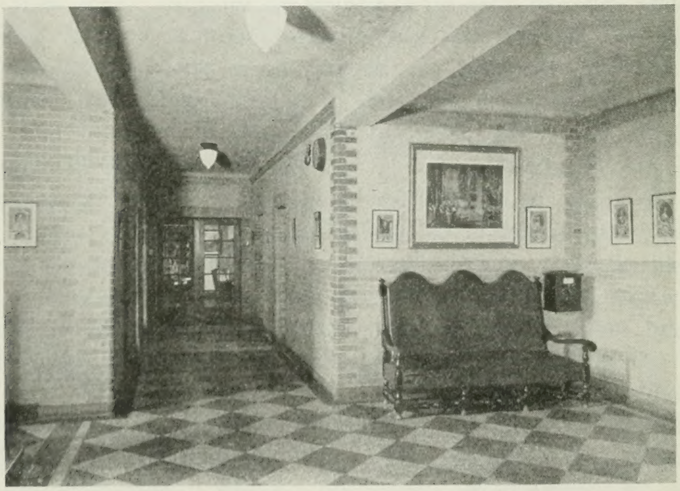
The first depends for its success on the attraction of light for the animal. It needs two persons for its execution. One holds a small mirror and flashes the reflection of the sun into the squeevil's eyes. He is so entranced that it is easy for the second person to advance a noose on the end of a long pole, and place it round the creature's neck, when it is drawn tight, and there is your squeevil, neatly weecked! The shining of the sun, of course, is essential for this method, although arc lamps have been employed to good advantage.

The second type depends on the squeevil's propensity for leaping lightly from tree to tree. It is necessary to provide yourself with a butterfly net for this. A sapling is cut down, and, holding it upright before you, the tree wherein the creature gambols is cautiously approached. When sufficiently close, if Fortune smiles upon you, the squeevil leaps playfully to a branch of the sapling, which, however, is quickly withdrawn at that moment. As a result the animal falls to the ground; the butterfly net is quickly cast over it, and lo, you have weecked your squeevil!

The third method is attempted by few, requiring, as it does, all the resources of body and mind. It has for its basis the extraordinary sensitiveness of the animal's nose. We have all seen enthusiasts, in search of avian prey, eagerly scouring the country-side. When they come upon the desired game, they quickly produce their salt containers, and deposit some of the saline powder upon the bird's posterior extremity, whereupon it quickly succumbs. A similar technique is employed in weecking. Arming oneself with a pepper-shaker, one sets out for the haunt of the squeevil, and there, concealed, wait for such time as it may pass close enough for the deposition of the pepper upon its proboscis. This portion of its anatomy being extremely sensitive, it will immediately sneeze so violently that it will fall to the ground dazed, in which condition it can be easily weecked. This is a difficult method, however, requiring, as I have remarked before, exceptional physical and mental powers. I myself, for instance, hung from a bough by the toes, fully camouflaged, for four hours, only to find that the creature was not the coveted squeevil at all, but a pukwonk, a creature as dissimilar in reaction to the pepper treatment, as similar in appearance, to the squeevil. I have the scars to this day.

And now, my readers, having given you a fleeting glimpse of this most fascinating of pastimes, I must bid you adieu, confident that you will enrol yourself in that, at present, all too small army of weeckers. May you experience many a weeck, of that enchanting animal, the squeevil!

J. L. Jarvis, Upper VI.



The Main Hallway, Flavelle House

O Mortal Folly!

I HAVE come upon, after long mental wanderings, a grievous fault. This fault is not mine, so I am at liberty to talk about it. It is of such dimensions that I must take up my pen to destroy it.

The ill which I would redress is an acquired habit of our generation. It is a habit of all classes and may be noticed in Parliament or public-house. We have all heard others saying, "I don't know what I would do". Now is this the correct attitude? Surely it is better for us to act than to wonder what we would do under purely hypothetical conditions.

For example, let us take a look at a family. After dinner, its head gathers the little flock about him and with it has a discussion (one-sided, of course). The conversation is usually about the virtues of various people and things. Suppose the family's head is a "big business" man; then this will be his remark, "I don't know what we would do without the S.C.M.P.* And his spouse and his little ones nod, as if to say, "We don't know what we would do without the S.C.M.P."

This same little flock, when a little less a little flock, is destined to nod again. On a University campus it surrounds a Professor of Psychology—or some other *Socrates*—and hears him say, "I don't know what we would do without Herr Spitzwöffels Theory of Mental Paralysis!"

Each member of the little flock again nods.

We know that politicians blow off steam. Like all other steam, it condenses. Very often politician's steam condenses to pure "baloney". But it may condense to something like this: "What would Torontario do without me, Bannockburn, the friend of the people?" Or, from a lesser politician, "What would the town of Borealis do without the Stinco Panning Company?"

At the head of a nation we may observe similar error. Screamed over the European radio we hear, "Wha-at would ze Reich do wisout our great ally to ze Sout, who annihilates British Navies-s, and tries-s so hard to put ze aggressive Greeks under ze protection of ze Immortal Axis?"

Having taken up the pen to wipe out an evil, I shall use that pen (Parkette—Made in Canada) to open the way for others to wipe it out. I propose the inauguration of a society. I move that its name be, "The Society for the Prevention of Lack of Knowledge About Futurity". For after all, what should we do without societies?

Ye who live in the intellectual sphere of such Einsteins as Superman and Jiggs, must grieve at the folly of the general public. Ye must hope for the dawn of another era, in which ye shall be free from the persecution of this habit. When this time comes ye shall work in peace. For what would ye do without work?

(Memoirs of a Crackpot, translated from the *American.*)

C. G. COTTER, Lower VI.

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*Society for the Corruption of Members of Parliament.

The Frustrated Invasion

(Extract from the personal records of Richard Pooksniffle Snerg, pioneer of Space)

To begin with, I want to say that getting lost was an extremely inconsiderate trick on the part of the Alien Invaders from the Blue-Green Gamma Star. In these latter days, now that we have had time to look at the whole matter dispassionately, we who have passed through the fire of these terrible days when the world waited, waited for the invasion that did not come, believe that any inhuman monsters worthy of the name would at least have shown us the courtesy of attacking on schedule, with the usual rapine and bloodshed, bloodshed predominating by a slight margin. We have grown to expect it. But did they even show up at all? No! Why, even today—but I am getting ahead of my story. Silly of me, eh?

Well, to go back to the beginning; my justly celebrated ship, the *Jitterbug of Space,* was the cause of it all. Being only an amateur, naturally I built the whole thing myself, in a barn and utter secrecy. And like the ass I was and am (all we heroes are asses, naturally) I set out secretly and alone for my trial flight to the lower left-hand corner of the Great Nebula in Andromeda. My ship was equipped with rockets for navigating through the atmosphere, gravodynes for the Solar System, photopulsors for interstellar space, wheels for traffic, and woolen underwear for cold nights. I also had meteor detectors, asteroid deflectors, disintegrator guns, heat guns, vortex guns, and hay fever. In fact, that was my main reason for leaving the Earth and venturing into the limitless depths of Space—so as to have a place to put all my dirty handkerchiefs.

On the eventful night, I stepped out of the house at about ten o'clock and two feet higher than I should have done. ".. that doorstep" I said. Then I gave the broken step a vicious kick and hopped into the barn, which stood, or rather drooped, a short distance from the house. The sight that met my eyes as I switched on the lights would have surprised the innocent passerby. In fact, I have been unable to get quite accustomed to it myself. I daresay no other cracked inventor in the world's history ever managed to build a contraption so radical in design and revolting in appearance as the *Jitterbug of Space.*

By devious routes I clambered up the side of the machine and entered through a tiny airlock. When I sealed the door behind me, I realized that I was alone as no man had ever been alone before. I was completely isolated from all mankind! Oh, well, what with my hay fever, my harelip, and my halitosis, I had been pretty well isolated for some years anyway. "Who cares" I said in my native Norwegian, and flipped the starting lever.

The ship trembled slightly. I might have known it would. I strolled over to a porthole. The greatest voyage in history had begun. I was off for thirteen chapters!

For four long weeks I hurtled through space, spending my time in the uneventful routine of the void—dodging meteorites, chasing comets, locking myself out of the ship and battering my way in again—until I thought I would go mad, *mad* with the monotony of it all! So I did. I went mad, and found it very diverting for the next week. I built crazy inventions and brewed horrible concoctions and made vile odours and laid plans for blowing up the Earth—but after a week it began to pall. I decided to mop up the mess and become sane again, and today I am the intelligent, refined person everybody knows. No one would ever suspect that only a few months ago I was a 97-pound madman.

About this time it occurred to me that I ought to be getting somewhere near my destination, the lower left-hand corner of the Great Nebula in Andromeda. Accordingly, I did something I had not done since the take-off. I looked out the window. And sure enough, just whizzing by on the starboard quarter was a large juicy blue-white sun, with seventeen and ¾ planets, plus state tax. "Too hot," I said, and scooted on by. In swift succession large quantities of sums of different sizes and shapes passed, but I didn't like any of them. Finally I decided on a pretty blue-green one with two planets and accessories to match. "Ahh" I said, and spiraled down for a landing.

Nearing the outermost of the two planets, a jagged, airless sphere, I discerned to my surprise a strange dome-shaped object beside a level plain. Puzzled, I dropped lower to examine it. What could it be? An old derby? A plate of Jell-O? A discarded fishbowl? No, none of these things, I decided, and later events proved my judgement to be correct; for when I skidded to a halt in the greenish-blue soil it became at once apparent that I was gazing upon—careful, dear reader, this will shock you—a city! Yes yes!

Slowly the *Jitterbug of Space* came to rest on the soil of a new planet! Eagerly I put on my shimmering aluminum space-suit, with snood to match, and crawled through the airlock. Making my way hurriedly through the maze of machinery on the outside of my sturdy craft, I at last reached the ground. Ah, the feelings that flooded through me in that historic moment! Kneeling, I planted a small flag in the sandy soil, and solemnly recited these words: "I, Richard Pooksniffle Snerg, do hereby claim this land and all territories adjacent thereunto, to wit and howsomever, for the sovereign state of Gloobers' Department Store, and its hairs and ensigns. *Numquam equum bonum dentibus tollite."* The simple and touching ceremony completed, I set out with new faith and resolution for the enigmatic city under glass. Slowly I approached the huge dome. It was made of an amber-coloured glassy substance, through which the buildings of the great metropolis could be plainly seen. But how to get in? After vainly trying to (a) climb over the wall; (b) tunnel under the wall; and (c) manufacture a blow-torch out of spaghetti cans and string and cut my way through the wall; I finally decided to look for a door. Lo! I found one! With a heartfelt prayer of thanks to that divine Providence which watches over us in our hours of need from somewhere beyond the third galaxy, I opened the door and walked in. No sooner had I done so than the light from behind me was suddenly cut off! In a flash, I turned, whipped out my deadly little atom-gun, and fired! When the smoke cleared away, there was a neat little hole in the outer door of the airlock. I laughed hysterically at my fears. Obviously my passing had set off a photoelectric cell, closing the outer door. Now then, if I went forward a bit, the other door would obviously also open. But before I could test my theory, the room was abruptly filled by an opaque pink gas. "Aha!" I cried, "Desperate Desmond, foul fiend that you are, you think to trap me with your insidious lethal vapors! But virtue shall triumph in the end," I went on, brandishing my gun dramatically, "for I, Richard Snerg, have outwitted you by the precaution of wearing a spacesuit!" I would have said more, but just then the gas began melting away as swiftly and mysteriously as it had appeared, leaving only a flaky pink coating over my aluminum spacesuit. "Strange," I muttered to myself, "methought I saw the hand of my ancient enemy in this; yet, on the other hand—" with a careless shrug I dismissed the matter from my mind and moved onward, a gay, thin-lipped smile playing about my mouth; the carefree smile that had made uncounted criminals shudder and quake in their boots . . . as a matter of fact, it frightened little children, too.

As I had anticipated, the second airlock door slid swiftly open as I approached it. As swiftly I slithered through, my deadly gun ready as I surveyed the scene before me. But in all the great city, no enemy showed himself; the place was still, lifeless, airless. "Shucks," I said.

I walked along the paved streets, between the tall, unearthly buildings, pondering on the enigma of this dead city on a lifeless world. What had become of the race which had built these magnificent edifices; what had happened to the atmosphere which it had no doubt once held? How far is up? Why is a policeman? How many doshes make one galoon? On such eternal mysteries I mused as I strolled along the white street among the dwellings of a people that did not live any more anywhere. And then—a flashing light on one of the buildings caught my eye. It was an odd-looking building: small, plain metal, bullet-shaped; it contrasted vividly with the graceful buildings on either side. Interested, I walked towards it. As I neared, a door in its side slid conveniently open. I entered, the door closed, and air hissed into the room.

Then the second door opened, and before my startled gaze stood a large bug-eyed monster. It waved a tentacle at me. "Don't do that," I murmured feebly. "Be still, my stomach."

"Righto," the thought burned into my brain. "I say, where are you from?" Mental telepathy, I guessed, and concentrating, answered. "From Earth, the third planet in a system of nine, the sixth of which has rings around it."

"I'll check up the records," came the burning thought. The creature slithered in a slimy, horrible sort of way over to a slot in the wall and peered into it with two or three eyes. "Here it is: Sun No. 128495¼—in sector 783862—nine planets. The second, third, and fourth possess life; the only known system to possess natural life on three planets. The third planet has the least amount of oxygen, less than 2% at the surface; otherwise almost identical with this planet."

"I'm afraid you're mistaken," I thought, looking in the other direction, "Earth has the most oxygen, almost 20%."

"You're not pulling my leg, what?" The creature seemed excited.

"Certainly not," I replied weakly, "don't even suggest it."

"Oh I say, this is jolly," came the creature's thought. "Now we can stop looking, you know. For thousands of years we've been searching for another planet capable of supporting the people of Sharb. Twenty thousand years ago a bit of a runaway sun blundered into our system and hooked two of our four planets. Not only that, but Sharb was drawn so close to our sun that our atmosphere was scorched away when the old girl got to cutting up a bit. Inconvenient, what? We had to build this dome in a bit of a hurry, and get what was left of our population inside. But that wasn't the last of it, you see, because our supply of oxygen was rather limited; and finally we were forced to put the whole population under suspended animation in this spaceship, leaving only one chap at a time to search the heavens for another planet to migrate to. Now we can get started, you know. In a few hours we'll be setting off for the planet you call—what was it?—oh yes, Earth."

"OH NO YOU WON'T," I shouted, forgetting all about telepathy. Swiftly I leveled my trusty atomatic; five shots blended together in a continuous roar. To my surprise, the pellets flattened out soggily in mid-air as though they had hit an invisible wall. I stood for a few seconds staring with more than my usual stupidity at the misshapen pellets lying on the floor. Then a rapidly approaching clatter from the corridor to the left aroused me. I glanced up to see a glass-headed, seven-foot, badly-oiled metal monstrosity with four legs clump into the room. "Sorry old boy," thought the Sharbian to me, and waved a tentacle or two in my direction. The machine moved forward, its many-jointed arms outstretched to catch me. For a moment I was at a loss; but only for a moment. Then the fighting blood of the Pooksniffle Snergs came to my rescue; quickly I stepped backwards and fired at the conveniently fragile glass head of the monster. The glass shattered and the robot pitched to the floor, junk. "Oh I say," came the reproachful thought, but when I looked up the Sharbian had disappeared. Quickly, but with dignity, I walked over to the airlock door. It did not open. From one of the corridors I heard the squeaky clatter of more robots. With instant presence of mind, I dived into the opposite corridor and ran like the blazes. The inside of the spaceship was a veritable labyrinth, with cross corridors every ten yards or so. I took advantage of this, and turned and twisted as much as possible; but still the clatter of the robots could be heard coming nearer and nearer. At the next intersection I turned the corner, reloaded my atom gun, and waited for the robots. At once I saw how they had followed me so easily, for behind me, trailing down the corridor, was a line of pink powder. The coating on my spacesuit, caused by the pink gas, had been flaking off at every step. At once an idea began germinating in the back of my mind; but just then, for such, you must know, are the mental processes of heroes, I couldn't put my finger on it.

The first robot turned the corner ten yards away, to topple with an atom pellet through his glass brain. The second was more cautious. It dropped to the floor and came around the corner behind the fallen body of the first. I fired three shots with no effect. Then the robot raised a long tube in one jointed arm, and the wall beside me burst into blazing brilliance that half-blinded me; I staggered backwards and entered one of the rooms that lined the corridor. Evidently thinking it had destroyed me, the robot came striding around the corner. I shot it easily. Carefully brushing the pink coating off my spacesuit, I picked up the robot's weapon and hid in a chamber filled with metal boxes. And while I crouched there, I pursued that elusive idea which had been born when I first saw the pink trail behind me. Ah! I had it! Why had I been sprayed with that gas in the first place? Surely it was not simply to make it easier to trail me; could it be—

Suddenly I thought of the reason. They were afraid of bacteria! No doubt they had killed all harmful native bacteria thousands of years ago.

Such a race would have no resistence to disease. Drawing a deep breath, I took off my helmet and shut off the oxygen. The air in the spaceship was perhaps slightly richer in oxygen than that of the Earth, but otherwise it was identical. Mentally I visualized the squillions of bacteria swarming out of my spacesuit to seed the air with death. To cinch matters, I walked over to the wall and carefully sneezed into the ventilator. Even hay-fever has its uses, I reflected happily.

After a few minutes, I reached a corridor which ran along the inside of the ship's hull. As I bent to peer through a porthole, the ship suddenly gave a jerk and began to move horizontally. While I watched, a huge air-lock in the side of the glass dome came into view. The ship moved into it; the inner door clanged behind it, the outer one opened, and the ship was pushed out into the airless surface of the planet. The Sharbians were preparing to take-off; there was no time to lose! At once I turned my captured ray gun on the wall, slicing out a neat circular section. As the detached disk toppled with a clang, I leaped lightly through, propelled by the escaping air, and fell flat on my parachute. Quickly, I scrambled up and ran towards the shelter of some jagged rocks a short distance away.

I was none too soon, for just as I ducked around the rocks, two robots driving a strange tractor-like mechanism jolted around the side of the huge ship. When they stopped to look at the hole I had cut in its side, I shattered their glass with two well-placed shots. Then I ran to the tractor and climbed into the box that formed its body. Pushing aside the broken robots, I began to experiment with the controls. Luckily, they were very simple: a pedal which functioned as starter, accelerator, and brake combined; and two levers for steering, as in the terrestrial tractor. I stepped on the pedal; the tractor jolted forward towards the *Jitterbug of Space,* which lay on the level plain about two miles away. Ah, now how I wished I had found a better parking space! As I turned to look back, I saw two other tractors, robot-manned, pursuing me. Swiftly, as they drew nearer, I placed a small box which I found in the tractor on the accelerator pedal; leaving the machine to steer itself, I turned, dropped low in the box, and directed my ray gun at one of the pursuing machines. With a bright, soundless flash, it exploded. The ground shook. I began to swing the beam of raw energy to bear upon the second tractor when it flickered and died. The cutting of the wall had sapped its power. Then one of the robots in the second machine raised his own tube, and the right tread of my tractor burst into a brilliant glare! The machine stopped; I crouched inside the wrecked vehicle and rested my atomatic on the edge of the box. I fired twice, and had the satisfaction of seeing the robot with the ray-tube topple out of the rapidly-approaching tractor. Then I waited until the weaponless robot came within thirty feet, and raising my atom gun, fired. Nothing happened. There were no more pellets. As I fumbled for another clip, the robot reached out his long arms to grasp me. With an instinctive motion, I hurled the empty gun at his head. The glass shattered; the robot crashed to the ground. I stepped from my damaged machine into that of the robot and drove the remaining distance to my spaceship. There I abandoned the tractor and climbed by devious routes into the safety of my control cabin. As I settled myself with a sigh of relief into the cockpit, I saw the Sharbian ship arc suddenly upwards into space. Quickly I followed in the *Jitterbug*.

"Aha aha!" I cried, shaking my fist. "So you think you can escape from the vengeance of Richard Snerg, you misbegotten spawn of an octopus and a plate of spaghetti!" With these words, I aimed and fired with my central vortex gun. Swiftly as thought the ether-borne beam lashed out to its destination, and as swiftly a coruscating, fiercely-brilliant screen of impalpable force sprang up about the Sharbian ship. But need I go on? Suffice it to say that waves, bands and streamers of every conceivable kind of deadly force shattered and recoiled before the firmly-held screen of the Sharbians; that material projectiles were turned harmlessly aside or exploded in mid-space; that heat-rays, ultra-violet rays, cosmic rays, and death rays failed to pass the Sharbian screen; in short, the usual things happened, and I was temporarily baffled. But only temporarily! The agile brain of the Pooksniffle Snergs came to my rescue, and, turning on more power, I quickly switched over from the rockets to the gravodynes, and from the gravodynes to the photopulsors. At once the *Jitterbug of Space* began to draw ahead of the ship Sharb. Faster, ever faster went the *Jitterbug*, and soon the Sharbian ship was left far behind.

For five long weeks I hurtled back through the void, working like mad to force more, and yet more speed out of the straining converters. At last the familiar face of the Sun came in sight. Trembling in every fibre with patriotism and hay-fever, I spiralled down for a landing; and came safely to rest on the broad bosom of the Pacific; there a coast guard picked me up and towed the *Jitterbug* to land.

Then began days of feverish activity. After a hurried consultation with the president in which I was able to convince him of the horrible danger which threatened our beloved Earth, I dashed at once into hasty plans for defense. Within a few days, I was able to supervise the emplacement of huge vortex guns at strategic points all over the world. Then, there was nothing to do but wait.

I shall not attempt to picture to you the tenseness of the world's population as, nerves strained to the breaking point, we waited by our guns for the Alien Invaders. During the next week two dirigibles, several cumulus clouds and a sea-gull were brought down by mistake, at tremendous expense to the government. But still the Invaders did not come!

The excitement was intense. All over the globe, panic-stricken crowds besieged public buildings and privies, shouting, "Why don't they come?" Those in power were at a loss. For a time the Glooberian council even contemplated dispatching an expedition to search for the invaders and guide them in, as an emergency measure. This, however, was finally voted down.

. . . Much has happened since those days. Mars and Venus have been colonized, observatories built on the Moon, interstellar exploration expeditions launched; but the invaders from Sharb have never shown up. Few nowadays, believe that they ever existed; only I; I, Richard Pooksniffle Snerg, I believe!

By Fred Hurter and Damon Knight.

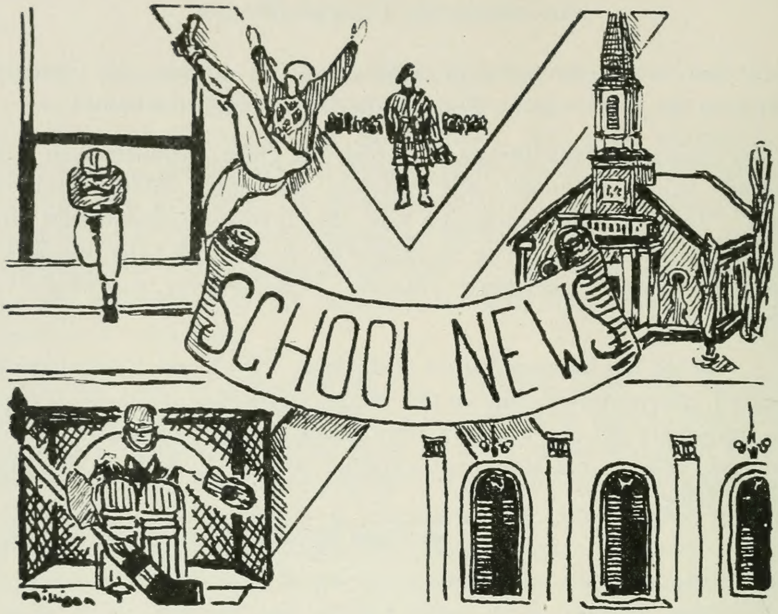
War

A gold-haired boy comes riding down the path;
His armour glistens in the sun's warm light;
He holds aloft a sword of pure white fire,
Frenzied with pious fury, blind with might.
His fierce joy fills the furnace of his mind;
He cannot see the shape which comes behind.

For close behind him all the lilies droop
And die beneath the tread of an old hag:
She gathers herself up to the skies
And writhes and shrieks in agony,
In tempest, in fire, in blood . . . .

And sinks,
Leaving skulls and blackened tree-stumps.

J. L. Jarvis, Upper VI.



Chapel Notes

WEEKLY SERVICES

ON September 15th the Headmaster spoke in Chapel. He used an illustration from the Psalms of the great need for self-discipline. He made a comparison between an ancient situation arising from the lack of self-reliance and the equally chaotic situation in France last June.

* * *

On September 22nd Rev. Gerald Burch gave the address. This address was instructive along two lines: it advised us to seek the call of God, that which calls us to a better life, and it helped us realize the importance of keeping up the Home Front.

* * *

Dr. Robinson spoke in Chapel on September 29th. He reminded us of the precepts whereby we should govern the hazardous future ahead of us. He recalled to us the spiritual vaults where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

* * *

On Sunday, October 6th, Bishop Beverly preached the sermon. His text was from a message from Paul to Timothy. He drew a parallel between the courage and discipline necessary in an army of this world and that in a spiritual army.

Rev. Richard Perdue, whom we welcome as the new rector of Trinity Church, Aurora, spoke in Chapel on Sunday, October 6th. He told us of an adventure far nobler than that which we seek in football and comic fiction. That adventure, he said, lies in discipleship to Jesus Christ, whose life on earth is so stirring.

* * *

On Sunday, October 13th, we held our annual Thanksgiving Service. The Chapel was decorated with sheaves of wheat and other symbols of a harvest. We are very grateful to those who arranged the decorations.

Rev. G. O. Lightbourn, an Old Boy and a former rector of Trinity Church, Aurora, gave the address. His sermon was appropriate for the season of harvest and thanksgiving.

* * *

On Saturday, November 2nd, Dr. F. G. Orchard, for many years headmaster of Trinity College School, spoke to us in Chapel. As Mr. Ketchum said, it is not often that a headmaster finds himself in his own school with his old headmaster. We know how justly proud they must both have felt in these circumstances. After the reading of the lesson, Ecclesiastes XII, Dr. Orchard gave his interpretation of its message. He said that we ought now, while we are strong and healthy, to remember our Creator. When we are old we cannot appreciate His blessings, and have only our youth to look back upon.

* * *

The next day, Sunday, November 3rd, Rev. E. J. Thompson spoke in Chapel. He narrated the story of the two little grains of wheat, of which one was hoarded and the other buried. By this he illustrated his suggestion that we bury our lives in service and not give ourselves up to material luxury and spiritual decay.

* * *

On Sunday, November 17th, Mr. T. W. L. MacDermot, Principal of Upper Canada College, spoke in Chapel. He dealt in a most able way with the subject of courage—moral, intellectual, physical. He pointed out that courage grows within us, year after year, as we have experience in being courageous.

* * *

Rev. Dr. Ronald MacLeod addressed us on November 24th. He pointed out that we, in our everyday studies, have with us One who will aid us. If we co-operate with Him He will help us to see the plans He has for each of us, said Dr. MacLeod.

* * *

On Sunday, December 1st, Mr. Tudball gave the address. His subject was the parable of the talents. He explained the parable and pointed out its particular meaning to us. He told us that it was our duty to develop our talents, whatever they may be.

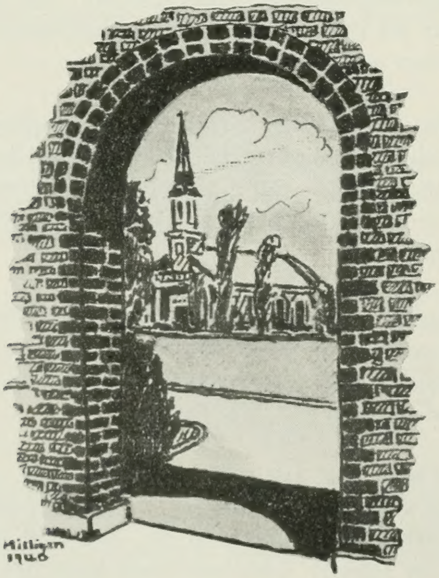
On Sunday afternoon, November 3rd, a new precedent was set when George Gibson Ellsworth, son of George Eric Ellsworth (S.A.C. 1918-29) and Mrs. Ellsworth, was christened in the School Chapel.

This is the first christening of an Old Boys' son to take place in the Chapel. It is hoped that the example will be frequently followed in the future.

CHAPEL COLLECTIONS

Chapel collections have been well maintained. Since advances for the purchase of the organ have been fully repaid, and the hymn books and psalters bought in 1937 have been kept in good order, it has been possible to increase the list of donations. During the past twelve months, after deduction of necessary chapel expenses, the following donations have been made:

Neighbourhood Workers Association, Christmas Exchange; carol service collection	$60.00
Canadian Red Cross Society; special collection	$40.00
The Salvation Army	$15.00
The Upper Canada Tract and Book Society	$ 5.00
Neighbourhood Workers Association, Bolton Camp Fund	$25.00
The Upper Canada Bible Society	$ 5.00
The York County Veterans Association, Poppy Fund	$10.00
The Hospital for Sick Children	$20.00



Music

ORGAN RECITAL IN THE CHAPEL

Mr. Ouchterlony

Saturday, November 16th, brought us the pleasure of a fine organ recital given in the Chapel by our master in charge of music, Mr. Ouchterlony.

The most remarkable piece was one composed by Mr. Ouchterlony himself. The number consisted of clever variations on four notes. The most popular selection was a lively Gigue by Corelli. Our only regret was that the recital did not last longer.

The programme was as follows:

Concerto in F major Adagio Allegro	*Handel*
Air	*Purcell*
Gavotte	*Martini*
Folk Tune	*David Ouchterlony*
Gigue	*Corelli*
Carillon	*Vierne*

THE SINGSONG

On Saturday, November 30th, Mr. Ouchterlony arranged a most enjoyable sing-song in the Assembly Hall. The programme was cleverly selected. The choice of songs went from the sublime to the ridiculous throughout the evening.

The first song was "What shall we do with a drunken sailor?" This became faster and faster in tempo and left us breathless at the end. The next song was a little slower and not quite such a "tongue-twister."

Mr. Ouchterlony started us singing several popular pieces and then, suddenly, stopped and asked a member of the audience to finish alone. Moss and Clarkson received valuable prizes. The grand prize, however, went to Opie II. This was presented in grand style by the Headmaster. The prize was a live rooster, kindly donated by Mr. Ouchertlony.

The programme concluded with a new version of "Show me the way to go home." As a final send-off, Mr. Ouchterlony played the "Blue Danube Waltz."

THE CAROL SERVICE

The carol service continues to be one of the high-lights of the school year. Rehearsed daily for weeks, it seems to be over very quickly in spite of echoes heard at the Christmas dinner.

This year the well-beloved "Break Forth" appeared in four-part harmony and there was much more in the way of special arrangements than before.

The chief charm of this event is its evident enjoyment by school and visitors alike. The musical standard is consistently rising and one hopes that it will always be a very happy affair. Surely the adjective is not out of place when one thinks of the time of year and the purpose for which the service is held.

PROGRAMME

INTROIT

Subdue Us By Thy Goodness	J. S. Bach

THE CAROLS

1.	Break Forth, O Beauteous Heavenly Light	J. S. Bach
2.	The Garden of Jesus	Dutch Traditional Carol
3.	A Virgin Most Pure	English Traditional Carol
4.	As Lately We Watched	Austrian Traditional Carol
5.	The First Nowell	English Traditional Carol
6.	Angels From The Realms	F. Montgomery
7.	Masters In This Hall	Wm. Morris
8.	All Poor Men and Humble	Welsh Traditional Carol
9.	The Holly and the Ivy	English Traditional Carol
10.	The Golden Carol	Vaughan Williams (words 15th century)
11.	Adeste Fideles	Anonymous

Cadet Corps

THE CHURCH PARADE ON OCTOBER 20TH

We embarked on the buses at the school in the middle of a disconcerting snow flurry. This flurry took the form of rain in Toronto, but fortunately the weather cleared before our arrival.

At Rosedale community grounds we fell in, feeling that the ghost of the old school watched us repeating a traditional ceremony. After standing in line for several minutes we paraded twice around the field and then, to the skirl of the pipes, marched off.

Having arrived at Saint Paul's Church, we entered and took our places in the West Transept.

The service was a special one for the occasion. Mr. Ketchum read the lesson, as is the custom. Bishop Rennison gave the address, which dwelt on the story of Jesus walking on the waves. Following the service the Cadets fell in again, watched by many Old Boys. We were especially glad to see Wing Commander G. S. O'Brian, a former master here, who is giving distinguished service to his country.

The Corps moved off toward Yonge Street and Ramsden Park, where we boarded the buses and left in a cloud of glory.

V. B.

THE ANNUAL CADET CORPS INSPECTION

For the first time in three years good fortune and bright sunshine smiled upon us as we lined up on the quad; the officers inspected the ranks, and the pipes were tuned up. A little while later the Corps marched down to the Malone field, where it awaited the arrival of the inspecting officer, Lt.-Col. J. P. Girvan, D.S.O., M.C., V.D. At three-thirty the Corps advanced in review order and Col. Girvan took the salute. He then inspected the ranks of the platoons and the band, after which Capt. Davis put his Corps through company drill. This was followed by selections from the band, which was under the very excellent leadership of Lt. Brickenden. The platoon drill under Lieutenants Gourlay, McPherson, and Milligan, was then executed. After the completion of the inspection the Corps once more marched to the quad, where Capt. Davis stood it at ease while Col. Girvan commented on the company. He made some very flattering remarks about the marching and said that he could not emphasize too much the importance of steadiness on parade. After this he presented the Ellsworth Cup to Lieut. W. B. Gourlay of Number One platoon for the best drill of the afternoon. He then presented the Wright Cup to Private Arnold Thiele for being the smartest cadet on parade. The Corps then gave three cheers for the inspecting officer, had its picture taken, and was dismissed. The cadets made a dash for the Tuck Shop where Mr. Ketchum always treats each boy to extra ration.

This department of our cadet training was marked by an earnest desire on the part of each boy to do his best, and it can readily be said that the interest resulted in an almost perfect performance. It has been decided to carry on this enthusiasm throughout the winter months and steps have been taken to introduce courses in signalling, map reading, and, if possible, a thorough training in the use of the rifle. Thus we can carry on the traditionally high standard set by former Corps in St. Andrew's College.

Capt.: J. E. Davis

I Platoon—Lieut.: W. B. Gourlay; Sgt.: A. S. Rutter; Cpl.: R. G. Kilgour; L.-Cpl.: J. D. Fraser; L.-Cpl.: R. A. Kerr.

II Platoon—Lieut.: W. M. McPherson; Sgt.: W. Heuston; Cpl.: W. A. Cobban; L.-Cpl.: J. R. Chipman; L.-Cpl.: H. Heintzman.

III Platoon—Lieut.: B. M. Milligan; Sgt.: J. E. Kilmer; Cpl.: R. D. Robson; L.-Cpl.: F. H. Hopkins; L.-Cpl.: W. Morris.

Band—Lieut.: G. M. Brickenden; Drum Sgt.: G. A. O'Brien; Pipe Sgt.: J. J. MacBrien; Cpl.: A. F. Moss.

C.S.M.: E. Heuston. C.Q.M.S.: R. L. Graham.

DRUM-HEAD SERVICE OF THE IRISH REGIMENT

On Sunday, October 27th, the Irish Regiment paraded from the Aurora War Memorial to the College grounds. Accompanied by three bands, the Regiment drew up in a hollow square before Flavelle House. Boys and visitors occupied the part of the quadrangle nearest the Headmaster's house, where the service was heard through loud speakers.

Capt. the Rev. John Hoyle officiated. Rev. R. Perdue, of Trinity Church, Aurora, preached the sermon on "Why we are opposing Hitler."

After the service the soldiers marched back to Aurora.

MR. ALLAN SNOWDON'S BEAGLES AT S.A.C.

On Saturday, November 23rd, Mr. Allan Snowdon brought his beagles to the School. There was a good turn-out of boys and there were several Air Force men with us. We chased the hare for about seven miles, though we did finally make him bite the dust.

The beagle hunt is rapidly becoming an annual event; we are grateful to Mr. Snowdon for making it so.

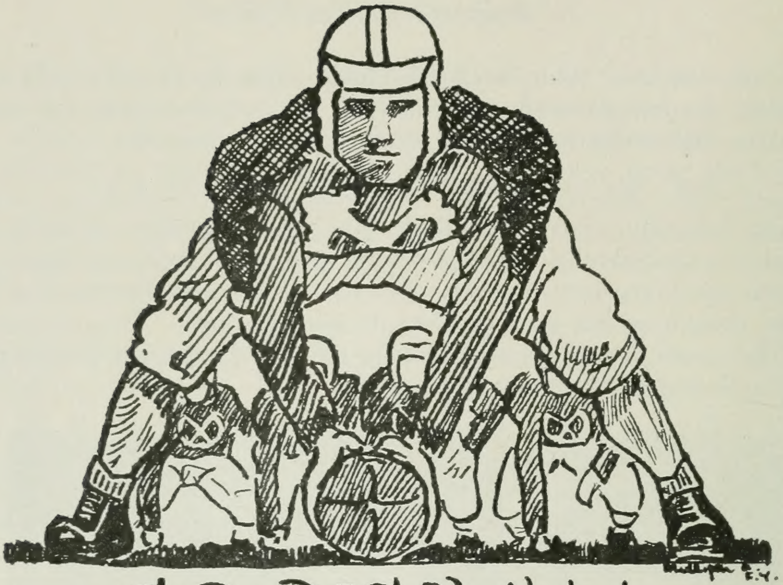
The Main Dining-room

Brown Brothers, Limited, traditional friends of the School, have put forward two most appropriate awards for competition in the Christmas exams: Two Esterbrook Pen and Pencil Sets!

The terms of the awards should please the masters as much as the boys: "For the best penmanship shown in the Christmas examinations." One set is to be awarded in the Upper and Lower Sixth, the other in the remaining forms.

On behalf of staff and students alike, the Review says: "Thank you, Col. Chipman."

The Review makes grateful acknowledgment to four of its recent editors for a very generous gift. It is in the form of an annual award to be made to the member of the Review Staff who renders the greatest service to the magazine during the year. The donors wish to remain anonymous.



FOOTBALL

THE ELECTION OF THE EXECUTIVE OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

The elections for the various offices of the Athletic Association were held in the dining-room on Friday, November 15th.

Many masters were nominated for the office of president. Popular vote finally chose Mr. Wright, with Mr. Tudball running a close second. The offices of first and second vice-presidents went to W. B. Gourlay and J. E. Davis, respectively. B. M. Milligan was elected secretary and W. M. McPherson curator.

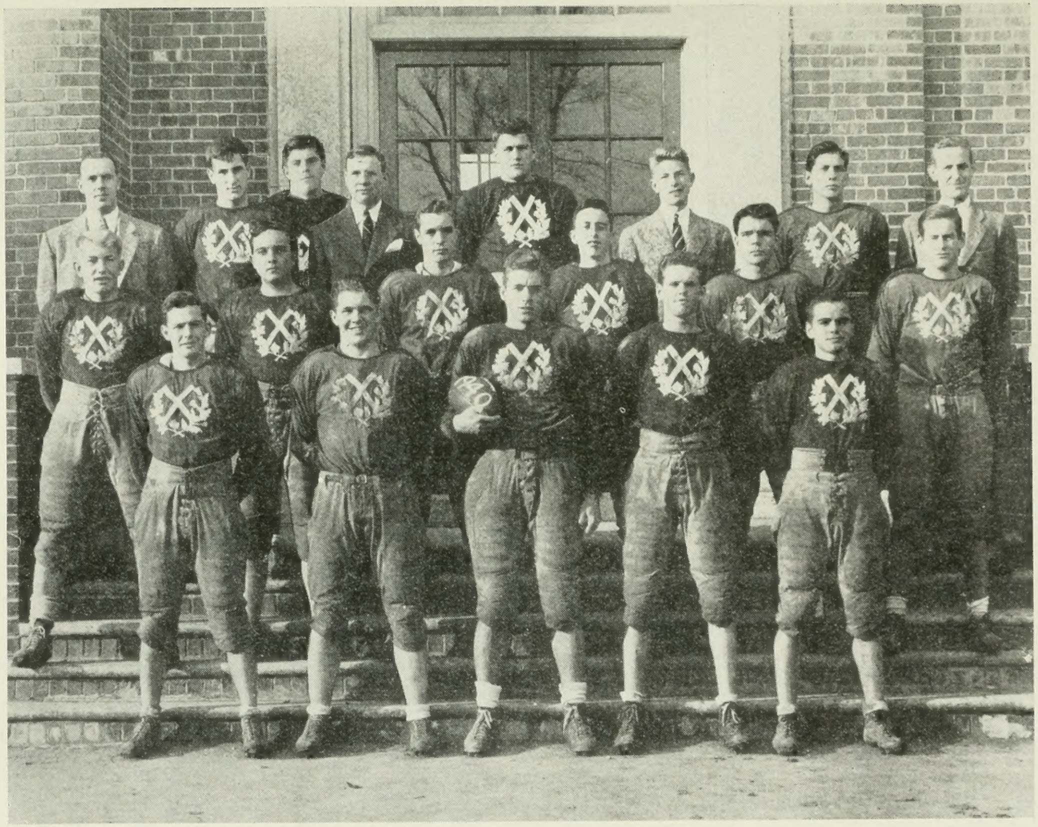
Each form elected its representative. The Upper Sixth electing W. A. Cobban and the Lower Sixth G. McC. Brickenden. The Fifth Form had considerable trouble in making its choice of representative but after a re-election J. R. Chipman was chosen. The Fourth and Third Forms chose respectively K. G. Cameron II and J. H. Park as their representatives.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION, 1940

Honorary President, the Headmaster
1st Vice-President, W. B. Gourlay
2nd Vice-Pres., J. E. Davis I

President, Mr. Wright
Secretary, B. M. Milligan
Curator, W. M. McPherson

Form Representatives, Upper VI, W. A. Cobban; Lower VI, G. McC. Brickenden; Form V, J. R. Chipman; Form IV, K. G. Cameron II; Form III, J. H. Park



FIRST TEAM

Front Row—F. H. Hopkins, B. M. Milligan, W. B. Gourlay (captain), J. E. Davis, J. R. Chipman.
Centre Row—W. M. McPherson, R. L. Graham, G. McC. Brickenden, W. A. Cobban, S. Rutter, R. D. Robson.
Back Row—R. A. Porter (coach), D. B. Silliman, W. M. Houston (ass't coach), J. A. McVean, J. A. Garratt (manager), D. P. Sabiston.

Football

The First Team, led well by Captain Bill Gourlay, compiled a record of four wins and four losses during the season. The Saints, much smaller than last year's edition, made up for their lack of experience and weight by their spirit and enthusiasm. Unfortunately the team was not at its best for the first Little Big Four game. Ridley trounced us, and although the score is not an indication of the play, they were a far superior team, and in winning the Little Big Four title, they showed themselves to be sportsmanlike opponents and fine athletes. In the game with Trinity the Saints fought hard but were illfated at every turn and were defeated. The Upper Canada game was both exciting and close, with both teams playing excellent football, but although St. Andrew's made it fairly even, they went down to defeat.

Finally, too much praise cannot be given to the coach, Mr. Bobby Porter, who always inspired the team to give their best and succeeded in moulding a fine team out of only two old colours and what were at the beginning of the season a lot of young, inexperienced football players.

1st Team Personnel

Gourlay: 174 lbs., right half. As captain, he led the team well both on and off the field. On the offensive he showed himself to be an excellent ball-carrier in all departments, and a very accurate passer; whilst defensively he tackled extremely hard and in the U.C.C. game was poison to the opposing plungers. The team could always count on Bill's long punts as a reliable ground gainer.

Davis: 158 lbs., right end. The vice-captain of the team, he was shifted to end late in the season, after playing centre-half. Pat has a good head and a very fine pair of hands.

Milligan: 172 lbs., left half. Bern had fine team spirit, was the Saint's best plunger and was a tower of strength on the secondary defence. An excellent two-way player, next year should see him the star of the Little Big Four.

Kerr: 161 lbs., snap. A terrific tackler at centre secondary. He made a few high snaps, but he always got his man, and was a terror to any plunger coming through the line.

Sabiston: 162 lbs., middle. An excellent tackler, especially in the open field. He always fought hard and was very consistent, playing magnificent games against T.C.S. and U.C.C.

Rutter: 142 lbs., inside. Another hard tackler, who, though very light could bring down the biggest of plungers. He was a very sturdy and courageous player.

Brickenden: 157 lbs., left end. On the defensive he was a very hard man to take out. Brick has good "football brains" and is a very reliable pass receiver.

Chipman: 148 lbs., quarter-back. Played well in his first year in the Little Big Four. He especially shone in the receiving of kicks, and in the way he ran them back with Gourlay.

Hopkins: 148 lbs., inside. Very fast on his feet. He made up for his lack of genius, by some fine breaking through the line.

Silliman: 174 lbs., centre-half. A very fine tackler and a good man to have on the end of end runs. Big and fast he should be very valuable next year.

Cobban: 150 lbs., flying wing. He showed great catching ability, and consequently the Gourlay to Cobban forward pass was a great ground-gainer and a formidable offensive weapon of the team.

Macpherson: 192 lbs., middle. Sandy always played hard, made many fine tackles, and was especially good in blocking kicks.

Robson: 149 lbs., outside. Robbie did some fine tackling during the season and was at his best during the Old Boys game. In the last games of the season he managed to overcome a pass-receiving jinx and in the final game especially he made some fine catches.

McVean: 180 lbs., middle. Jimmy was the hard-luck man of the team. Midway through the Ridley game he broke his nose, he remained in the game however and made some excellent tackles on the wingline.

Graham: 185 lbs., inside. In his first year, Tubby played well and always gave of his best. His favourite trick was nailing the opposing team's quarterback and in this he excelled, breaking up numerous plays before they started.

E. M. B.

FOREST HILL GAME

Venerunt, vidimus, vicimus! 32-6. To-day the Saints revived the old conquests of Caesar (and last year's team), by decisively defeating the Forest Hill Village School's first team.

Cobban went over for a touchdown on a pass from Milligan in the third play of the game. McPherson converted. After an exchange of kicks Milligan crossed the line to put Saint Andrew's ahead 11-0.

The second quarter opened with a fifty yeard run by Tamblyn, of Forest Hill. A few plays later he picked up a fumble by the Saints and raced over for a touchdown, which was converted. Late in the quarter Gourlay went over for the Saint's third touchdown. McPherson converted. Half-time score: S.A.C. 16; Forest Hill 6.

After five minutes of the third quarter Chipman went over on a quarterback sneak, which McPherson converted. Forest Hill kicked-off.

S.A.C. put the ball in scoring position by a series of passes by Gourlay and long plunges by Milligan. Davis then kicked a rouge. Two more rouges by the Saints completed the scoring in this quarter. Three-quarter score: S.A.C. 25; Forest Hill 6.

In the final quarter Milligan scored his second touchdown of the game, McPherson again converting. The scoring was completed by Davis on a kick to the deadline. Final score: S.A.C. 32; Forest Hill 6

Milligan and Gourlay were the outstanding players on the field while Davis of S.A.C. and Corbett of Forest Hill provided some excellent kicking.

THE OLD BOYS' GAME

For the second time in some years the School defeated the Old Boys. The evenly contested match went to the School by the score of 7-5, superior condition and organized plays finally got the better of the Grads.

The kicking of Davis, and the fine downfield tackling of the outsides accounted for five of the School points. The other two being made on a safety touch. The Old Boys failed to score until the last quarter when N. Pocklington and Hamilton combined on a forward pass which Hamilton ran forty yards for a major score. The attempted convert was blocked by Hopkins. This left the score tied at 5-5. Two more Rouges for the School completed the scoring. The Pocklington brothers, Grass, Hamilton, J. G. McLelland, and Marlatt were the best for the Old Boys. Brickenden, Davis 1, Robson and Milligan were outstanding for the school.

Old Boys: Kent, R. Grass, Christie, Cox, V. J. Diver, Marlatt, Pocklington Bros., H. K. Hamilton, Dean Bros., J. G. McLelland, Wadds Bros., Turnbull, McLean, M. Clarkson.

S.A.C.: Halves—Milligan, Sabiston, Davis 1, Cobban; Quarter—Chipman; Snap—Kerr; Insides—Rutter, Hopkins; Middles—McVean, McPherson; Outsides—Brickenden, Robson; Alternates—Graham, Joliffe, Fraser 1, Good, Thiele.

THE U.T.S. GAME

To-day the Saints defeated U.T.S. in one of the most thrilling games of the season. The game was closely contested but the Andreans had the advantage in power and weight which were decisive factors in the outcome. The most exciting episode came in the dying minutes of the game when Hayman's men were five yards out from the Saints goal-line on their first down. There were four minutes left to play and a touchdown to go. Two plunges and they were on the Andrean's one yard line, now with two minutes left to play the Double Blue sent their best plunger at the thin red line, it held and Porter's men gained possession of the ball on their own one yard line. The failure of the visitors to secure a touchdown was due, mainly to the outstanding defensive work of Kerr, Graham, McVean, Rutter and Robson.

The opening score came in the first quarter when the Saints fumbled on their own three yard line, Matchett of the Double Blue scooped up the ball and fell over the line for a major score. Brown converted. Thus the score at the end of the first quarter was U.T.S. 6, S.A.C. 0.

The Saints didn't take this lying down. In the second quarter they evened the count when Gourlay scored a try around the end. McPherson converted from placement. The half-time whistle blew with the score tied 6-6.

In the third quarter the Red and White worked their way up the field and McPherson booted a placement from a difficult angle putting the Saints in the lead by three points. This lead was carried over into the last quarter when Davis managed to kick a rouge making the score 10 to 6 in favour of St. Andrew's. Near the end of the game Ball the U.T.S. quarter threw a long pass to Falconer who sprinted to the S.A.C. five yard line where he was downed by Chipman. Three successive bucks by the Double Blue failed to result in a score and St. Andrew's took possession of the ball on their own one yard line. Two plays followed, the first an unsuccessful forward pass and the second a line-buck, then the final whistle blew with the score remaining S.A.C. 10; U.T.S. 6.

Line-ups—U.T.S.: Halves, Falconer, Hargrave, Rowe; flying-wing, Burk; quarter, Ball; snap, Zimmerman; insides, Currie, Huycke; middles, Brown, Murray; outsides, Matchett, Halpenny; alternates, Davies, Hill, McFarland, Hock and Lawson.

S.A.C.: Halves, Gourlay, Davis, Milligan; flying-wing, Cobban; quarter, Chipman; snap, Kerr; insides, Hopkins, Graham; middles, McVean, McPherson; outsides, Robson, Brikenden; alternates, Rutter, Silliman and Pollock. Referee, Brunton; umpire, Bailey.

RIDLEY GAME

On Saturday, October 19, Saint Andrew's and Ridley opened the Littlge Big Four football season by a match played at St. Catharines. The strong and heavy Ridley team had too much power for the young and inexperienced Saints.

The scoring in the first quarter opened with a rouge kicked by Hague. The Tigers kept the Saints penned in their own end and finally Macia went over for an unconverted try. On the kick-off a St. Andrew's fumble gave the Orange and Black possession of the ball on the Saints' twenty yard line. Schmon went over for a touchdown which was converted by Hague. Saint Andrew's first score came on a beautiful Gourlay to Cobban forward pass. Cobban romped thirty yards for the try which McPherson converted.

At the beginning of the second quarter St. Andrew's managed to keep the Tigers deep in their own end. The Saints recovered a Ridley fumble . . . Milligan plunged for ten and a first down and then another long Gourlay to Cobban forward pass placed the Saints in a scoring position. Chipman, the St. Andrew's quarter, called an end-run and taking the ball he picked a beautiful hole and scored the Saints' second touchdown. McPherson made the conversion from placement. This tied the score at 12-12. Ridley retaliated swiftly with two touchdowns by Macia and Mandreville. Only the second attempted convert was successful. Thus the half ended with the score standing at Ridley 23, St. Andrew's 12.

The third quarter was dominated by the stellar defensive work of Andy's men. Twice Ridley threatened on the Andrean three yard line and twice they were held. On a Ridley fumble McVean of S.A.C. dribbled the ball to his own forty yard line where an Orange and Black stalwart managed to recover. This break relieved the pressure and gave the Saints the added spirit which was necessary to complete the scoreless third period. The score remained at the end of the third quarter, Ridley 23, St. Andrew's 12.

In the fourth the driving power of the Tigers began to tell on the Saints. Macia with characteristic speed scored two more lightning touchdowns, the second being converted by Hague. Hague split the uprights with a placement kick adding three more points and then Schmon went over for the last unconverted touchdown ending the game. Misener with his plunging and passing, Hague with his kicking and Macia and Schmon with their fine running were outstanding for Ridley. McVean with his splendid defensive work on the line and Gourlay and Cobban with their fine passing and receiving were the stars for St. Andrew's. The final whistle blew with the score standing, Ridley 42; St. Andrew's 12.

S.A.C.: Flying wing, Cobban; halves, Gourlay, Milligan, Davis; quarter, Chipman; snap, Kerr; insides, Hopkins, Rutter; middles, McVean, McPherson; outsides, Robson, Brickenden; alternates, Graham, Silliman, Sabiston, Good, Jolliffe.

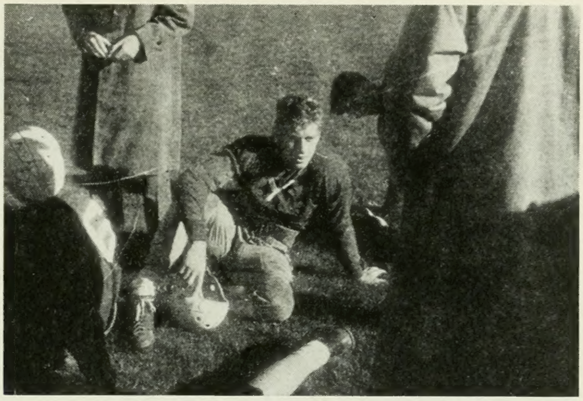
B.R.C.: Flying wing, Macia; halves, Tait, Cocks, Schmon; quarter, Hague; snap, Crossland; insides, Smart, Hoover; middles, Misener, Randle, Mandreville, Stevens; alternates, Boswell, Sale, Graves, Walker, Schmidt, Plaunt, Morley.

Referee: Webb Bowman, Toronto; umpire, Tommy Henderson, Hamilton; head linesman, Jimmy Grazey, St. Catharines.

THE TRINITY GAME

It was a perfect day for football when St. Andrew's met T.C.S. at Port Hope for the second game of the Little Big Four series. There was a fair sized crowd and a battalion of soldiers from the village were on hand to watch the proceedings.

The first quarter started rather slowly but brightened up for the Saints when Davis snared a pass from Gourlay and raced fifteen yards for a try. The attempted conversion was unsuccessful. The first quarter ended with the score S.A.C. 5, T.C.S. 0.



Play was ragged in the second quarter and featured numerous fumbles on both sides. No points were scored and the half ended S.A.C. 5, T.C.S. 0.

The third quarter opened with a deadline kick by Gourlay, but the Maroon and Black quickly recovered and Hart scored a touchdown after catching a forward pass and racing thirty-five yards. Lemesurier converted from placement. Shortly afterwards T.C.S. recovered an Andrean fumble and kicked another rouge. The Saints retaliated quickly by working their way up the field and booting another rouge. This ended the third quarter with the teams deadlocked at 7-7.

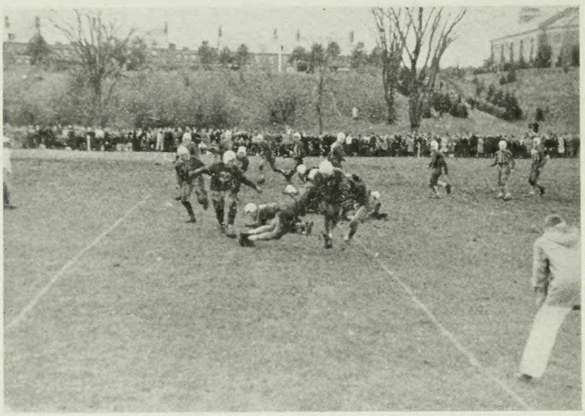
Both teams now played hard but T.C.S.'s kicking began to improve and they managed to kick three rouges, all by Duggan I, before the final whistle. This left the final score at T.C.S. 10, S.A.C. 7. Hart, Lemesurier, and Duggan II were outstanding for T.C.S. For the Saints Gourlay, with his splendid kicking and passing, Milligan, with his fine plunging, Chipman with his quarterback sneaks, Cobban and his pass receiving and Graham, with his stellar linework, were the best.

UPPER CANADA GAME

On Saturday, November 2, the first team played its best game of the season against Upper Canada College. It was played at Saint Andrew's and was the last game of the Little Big Four Circuit.

Upper Canada opened the scoring in the first quarter when a kicking duel found them on the S.A.C. twenty yard line. A cutback plunge by Osborne resulted in a touchdown which went unconverted.

In the second quarter the Andreans started to show the old Scottish spirit which lasted throughout the remainder of the game. The Crimson and White continually threatened the visitor's goal line but failed to click. The score remaind 5-0 in favour of Upper Canada when the half-time whistle blew.



"Fighting for Andie"

The real break of the game came in the third quarter when Sainsbury intercepted a Crimson lateral pass and raced twenty yards for U.C.C.'s second try. The attempted convert failed. Near the end of the third quarter Chipman the Andrean quarter booted an onside kick which was retrieved by Milligan for a major score. An attempted placement went wide of the uprights. The Saints continually threatened but the quarter ended without further scoring.

The fourth quarter was completely dominated by the outstanding playing of the entire Saint Andrew's team. They pushed the Blue and White team back into their own territory and kept them there for most of the last quarter. During this quarter came the only blocked kick of the game, when McPherson ripped through the line and took the ball full in the face. However Upper Canada recovered the ball and the Saints failed to capitalize. The Blue and White gridders played safe football for the remainder of the game and the final score remained Upper Canada 10, St. Andrew's 5. Osborne and Mills were outstanding for Upper Canada, and Sainsbury, although not living up to expectations, did well on the line. Gourlay, Chipman, Milligan and Silliman shone in the Saints' backfield, while McPherson and Rutter played stellar ball on the wingline.

Saint Andrew's: Halves, Gourlay, Milligan, Silliman; flying wing, Cobban; quarter, Chipman; snapback, Kerr; insides, Rutter, Hopkins; middles, McPherson, Sabiston; outsides, Davis 1, Brickenden; alternates, Robson, Graham.

MILLIGAN RETIRES WITH HONOURABLE SCARS

FIRST MALVERN GAME

On a windy, muddy field S.A.C. lost a heart-breaker to Malvern Collegiate on the last play of the game. Saint Andrew's received the kick-off and advanced the ball to the Malvern 35 in three successive end runs. Gourlay then kicked a rouge. Five minutes later Gourlay again kicked a rouge. Following an exchange of kicks we obtained possession of the ball on Malvern's 25. Milligan went over for a touchdown on two successive bucks. McPherson's placement was wide.

In the second quarter Tutton of Malvern scored a touchdown which was converted. Before the quarter was over Malvern added two rouges to take the lead 8-7.

The only scoring in the third quarter was another rouge by Malvern. Early in the fourth quarter a Gourlay to Silliman pass went for a touchdown, McPherson converting. With a minute and a half left in the game Malvern blocked a kick on the Saint's 40 yard line and recovered the ball on our 35 yard line. With time for one play left a McGill to

Tutton forward pass went for a Malvern touchdown. It was converted, Malvern winning 15-13.

Malvern: Flying wing, Tutton; halves, Tait, Sullivan, Dinnie; quarterback, McGill; centre, Spence; insides, McKenzie, Howarth; middles, Rose, McComiskey; outsides, Ogg, Rooney.

S.A.C.: Flying wing, Cobban; halves, Milligan, Silliman, Gourlay; quarterback, Chipman; centre, Davis I; insides, Hopkins, Rutter; middles, Sabiston, McPherson; outsides, Brickenden, Robson.

Millan, Sullivan and Wright were the best for the winners and Silliman, Milligan, Sabiston and Robson were the best for the Saint's.

THE SECOND MALVERN GAME

Saint Andrew's hit their stride and concluded the season with an 18-6 victory over Malvern Collegiate at Riverdale Flats.

In the first quarter Silliman broke lose on a plunge and ran 50 yards for a touchdown to put S.A.C. ahead 5-0. McPherson converted to make the score 6-0.

The Saint's dominated play throughout the second quarter although there was no scoring.

Gourlay kicked a rouge early in the third quarter. S.A.C. advanced the ball to the Malvern 10 and Milligan carried it over. S.A.C. failed to convert. After the kick-off Malvern recovered a Saint's fumble and scored a touchdown which was converted.

In the fourth quarter a long Gourlay to Robson forward put S.A.C. in scoring position again and Gourlay went over on a fake pass. Malvern blocked the attempt for a convert. The game ended S.A.C. 18, Malvern 6.

Gourlay was the best for the Saint's, and Rooney who scored all Malvern's points was the best for the losers.

Second Team

NEWMARKET HIGH SCHOOL AT S.A.C. SECONDS

In the opening game of the season the Second Team played Newmarket High School on our home grounds. The heavy Newmarket team opened with a major score early in the first quarter. In the second quarter Sabiston scored a touchdown for the Red and White. It was converted. Newmarket then scored two points on long punts. In the third quarter, Johnston and Sabiston, kicking well for S.A.C., scored three points. Newmarket went scoreless in this quarter. During the fourth quarter, S.A.C. kept Newmarket in their own territory until the dying moments of the game, when the Gold and Blue capitalized on a sloppy play by our team and ran for a touchdown which was not converted. Sabiston was good for eight or ten yards plunging any time in the game. Fraser I was injured in the first quarter and Chipman was at the helm most of the game. The final score of the fast moving, hard-hitting game was N.H.S. 13, S.A.C. 9.

S.A.C. SECONDS AT NEWMARKET HIGH SCHOOL

The return game with Newmarket High School was played at Newmarket. The field was poor but the brand of football was excellent. This game was even closer than the first. In the second quarter, Luck of Newmarket scored a major which was converted. In the second half after coach Bobby Porter arrived things began to look brighter for S.A.C. Sabiston plunged for a touchdown which was converted. In the third quarter, on an end run, Joliffe was forced out, inches short of the goal line. S.A.C. failed to push the ball over and N.H.S. booted the ball deep into the crimson teritory.

In the last quarter with less than five minutes to play N.H.S. tried a field goal which was good. The fast moving quarterback for Newmarket was their spark-plug while Fraser I and Sabiston played very good football for S.A.C. The final score of this game resulted in Newmarket High School winning 9-6.

SECOND TEAM VS. APPLEBY

On October 30th, Saint Andrew's Seconds played a match against the First Team of Appleby School. The game was played on a day when the steady rain increased the muddiness of an already slippery field. This situation made the ball slippery and difficult to handle.

In the first quarter Appleby scored a rouge and two touchdowns, one by Pearson and one by Macdonald.

During the second quarter, the Saints turned upon their foes, and Sabiston scored a touchdown on a nice run. Following this up, we scored a rouge in the third period.

In the last quarter Appleby was put further ahead by a converted touchdown, scored by Ingoles. Final score: Appleby 18, St. Andrew's 6.

Appleby team: Munn, Corbett, Calverly, Patterson, Gregory, Ingoles, Marsh, Gardner, Macdonald, Pearson, Switzer, and Davis.

THIRD TEAM VS. NEWMARKET SECONDS

In this game St. Andrew's far outclassed their opponents. Newmarket was a bit heavier, but much slower. O'Brien II was very good in his wide end runs and Butler and Yeomans did some excellent bucking. All through the game St. Andrew's scored, and kept Newmarket back in their own territory. Final score: S.A.C. 44, N.H.S. 5.

THE THIRDS AT LAKEFIELD FIRST TEAM

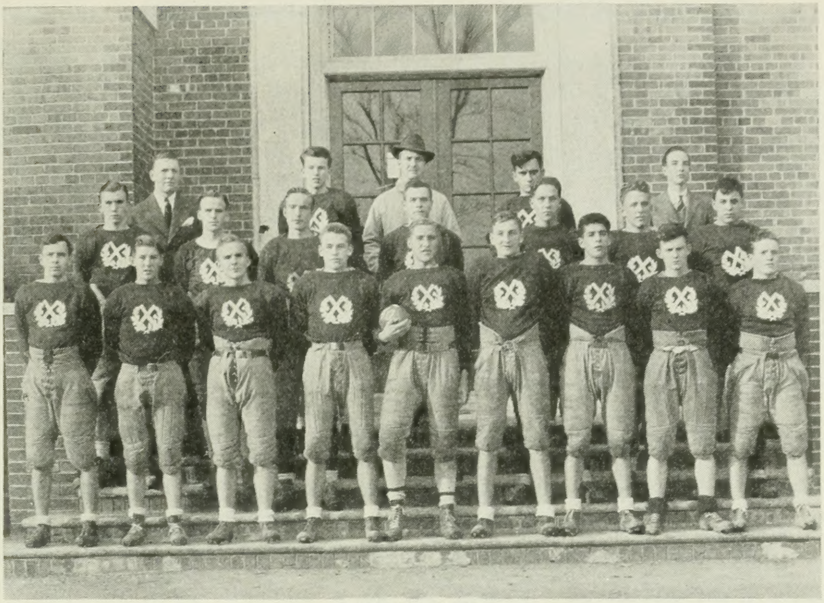
Lakefield kicked off and after a few exchanges Lakefield scored a rouge. However, Yeomans for St. Andrew's made a fine plunge and scored for us. This Butler converted. In the third quarter St. Andrew's made two touchdowns, Butler and Ballon being the scorers on plunges. One of these was converted. Lakefield came back very strong and scored a well deserved touchdown which was not converted. After three-quarter time St. Andrew's forced two rouges and showed excellent spirit. It was a hard-fought game. Butler did some fine bucking and O'Brien I displayed some excellent tackling. Final score: S.A.C. 19, Grove 6.

T.C.S. AT S.A.C. THIRDS

The home team kicked off and immediately began to score. In the first quarter Butler carried the ball into position for a drop kick which was successful. Soon after this Butler again scored for the Saints with two touchdowns, one of which was converted. In the second quarter T.C.S. scored a touch. Yeomans, however, rallied with a touchdown which was converted. After half time St. Andrew's were very strong. Butler, Yeomans, O'Brien II and McLeod all scored touchdowns. Three of these were converted. Campbell of Trinity scored a well earned touch with a splendid buck through the center, which was not converted. Butler did some wonderful plunging but all the team played well. Final score: S.A.C. 55, T.C.S. 12.

GROVE AT ST. ANDREW'S THIRDS

In the first quarter both teams scored six points. Pilley scored for us, by intercepting on a Grove end run. This was converted. Vaughan scored for the visiting team. In the second quarter, the Saints outplayed the Grove, scoring three rouges, making nine points. Pilley again intercepted a lateral pass to score. The Grove came back strong in the third quarter. They piled up eight points whilst St. Andrew's was unable to score. Roberts scored a touchdown which was converted. A field goal was also



THIRD TEAM

Front Row—K. G. Cameron, H. Davis, A. Ericson, J. V. O'Brien, W. B. Butler (captain), E. C. Spence, E. M. Ballon, J. C. Robertson, K. C. Pilley.
Centre Row—J. J. MacBrien, C. A. Gill, J. E. Kilmer, D. G. Cameron, G. R. M. Sewell, E. R. Pooler, J. A. Aguayo.
Back Row—W. M. Houston (ass't coach), G. A. O'Brian, C. H. Sweeney (coach), H. G. Yeomans.

scored by the Grove. In the next quarter St. Andrew's scored the only point of the period on a rouge. Yeomans and Pilley both played well. Final score: S.A.C. 16, Grove 14.

PICKERING SECONDS VS. S.A.C. THIRDS

In this game we were considerably outweighed but fought hard and soon O'Brien II scored a touchdown. Butler converted. In the next quarter O'Brien II again scored a touch. In the third quarter Pickering rallied strong with MacNeill and Perkins both scoring touchdowns, one of which was converted. In the last quarter Butler scored three points on a well timed dropkick. Final score: S.A.C. 14, Pickering 11.

NEWMARKET HIGH SCHOOL SENIORS AT SAINT ANDREW'S THIRDS

In the first quarter both teams scored a touchdown which were both converted. Spence scored for S.A.C. The rest of the game was steady without much scoring. In the second quarter the Saints scored a rouge. The third period was the one in which we were defeated. The High School scored a touchdown which was executed by Morton. Both teams were very evenly matched, and both played fine football, but Newmarket emerged victorious, winning 11-7.

S.A.C. THIRDS AT T.C.S. MIDDLESIDES

At 11.30 we kicked off to T.C.S. and in vain Trinity tried to get the ball out of their own end. Butler received their kick and we began scoring. O'Brien II scored a touch on a wide end run. This the team failed to convert. In the next quarter Butler scored a touchdown which he converted. After half-time Butler and Ericson scored. In the fourth quarter Berry of T.C.S. scored a hard earned touch. All through the game Trinity surpassed S.A.C. in bucking, but the Saints were superior in all other departments. Butler, Ericson and Ballon were outstanding players on the Saints team. Greene and Campbell starred for Trinity. Final score: S.A.C. 31, T.C.S. 5.

S.A.C. THIRDS VS. U.C.C. WEDD'S HOUSE SENIORS

U.C.C. kicked off to the home team. Gill did some fine running. The field was in very bad condition because of snow during the morning. There was a high wind blowing from the north which gave the team with the wind a great advantage. During the game only one point was scored, unfortunately by U.C.C. O'Brien II was twice given the ball in scoring position, but fumbled the pass out, and so unfortunately the Saints went scoreless, losing 1-0, on a rouge by Upper Canada.

THE FIFTH TEAM, 1940

The line-up: Quarter, Stapells; L. O., Fraser II; R. O., Clarkson; L. M., Crawford; R. M., Colquhoun; L. I., Lappin; R. I., Cossitt; Snap, Grant II; L. H., Geils; R. H., Booth; C. H., Nicholson; F. W., Meredith.

The Fifth Team began a most highly successful season on October 5th with a home game against Christ Church of Toronto. The game ended in a 12 to 6 victory for S.A.C. The Saints journeyed to Newmarket on October 8th where they defeated Newmarket High School 23 to 15.

On October 10th the Fifths scored a second home victory by defeating Pickering College 11 to 0. A return game was played against Pickering on November 1st in which the Fifths continued their good standard by an advantage of 22 to 2.

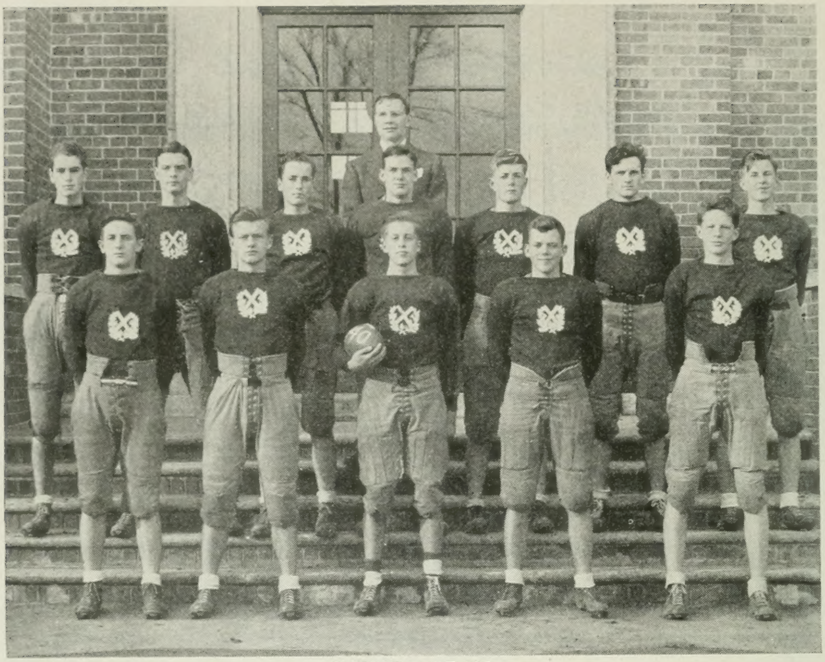
T.C.S. Littlesides visited the school on Saturday, October 12th, to engage the unbeaten Fifth Team. The Fifths ran up yet another victory of 35 to 0.

The Fifth Team suffered its first defeat on October 26th in a home game against Hillfield School of Hamilton. The score was 19 to 7. During the week following this game, the Fifths, with great spirit and determination, settled down to hard practice for the return conflict with this considerably heavier opponent.

The return match took place on November 6th. The game was packed with exciting moments and the score remained extremely close. It ended 6 to 1 in Hillfield's favour. This was the concluding game of the season.

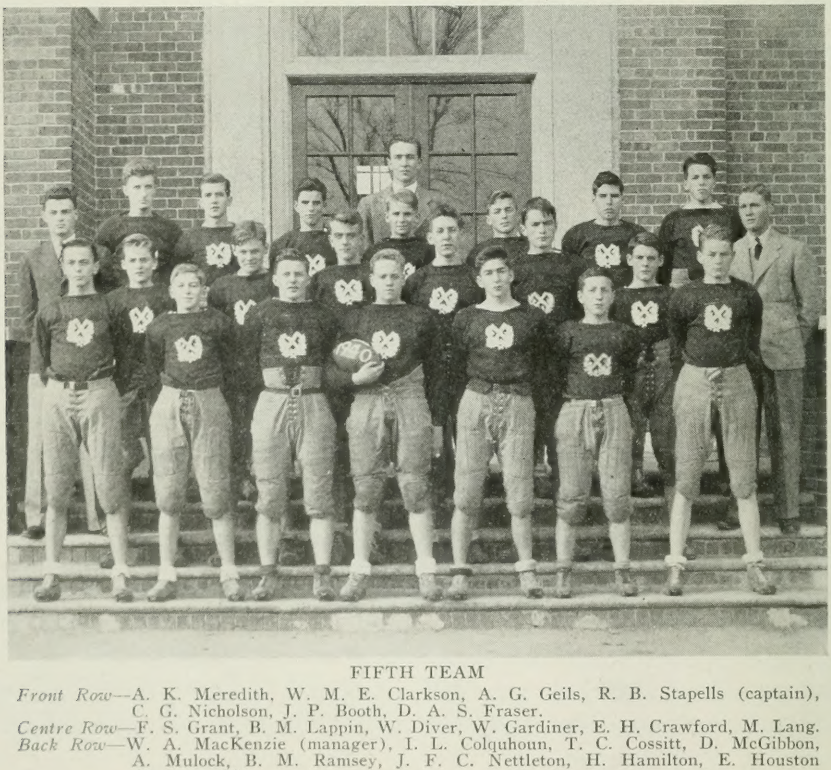
In all the games the work of the back field was excellent. The plunging of Nicholson, Geils, and Booth gained many a yard. The line displayed commendable team-work and opened wide holes in the opposing lines. Clarkson, playing right outside, deserves credit for several very brilliant plays.

Through the tireless efforts of Mr. Tottenham and Hueston II, the Fifths have had an excellent year. The team is also indebted to Mackenzie I for his very efficient aid.



FOURTH TEAM

Front Row—C. MacMillan, G. Stobie, J. B. McLeod (captain), J. M. Lowndes, M. Hall.
Centre Row—R. G. Kilgour, A. Moss, J. Knox, G. G. Grant, D. M. Hunter, R. Morrison, B. Shaw.
Back Row—W. M. Houston (coach).



FIFTH TEAM

Front Row—A. K. Meredith, W. M. E. Clarkson, A. G. Geils, R. B. Stapells (captain), C. G. Nicholson, J. P. Booth, D. A. S. Fraser.
Centre Row—F. S. Grant, B. M. Lappin, W. Diver, W. Gardiner, E. H. Crawford, M. Lang.
Back Row—W. A. MacKenzie (manager), I. L. Colquhoun, T. C. Cossitt, D. McGibbon, A. Mulock, B. M. Ramsey, J. F. C. Nettleton, H. Hamilton, E. Houston (ass't coach).
Back Centre—Mr. G. Tottenham.

Hockey

S.A.C. is looking forward to another great hockey year, and already there has been much activity. The boys are very anxious, and eager to go. McPherson, who has been with the team on defence for two years, is again turning out. Also with us are Butler, high scorer of last year, and Brickenden, right-winger of the 1940 squad. Amongst the promising new boys are Silliman, Hueston II, and MacMillan, who have had much experience in the O.H.A. From last year's 17's we have Sabiston, Ballon, Chipman, Cobban, Robson, Fraser, Spence and Pollock. Completing the list are Johnston and Gill, Hopkins, Milligan, Lang, Robertson, McGibbon, Morris and McVean. There have already been two practices, and all indications point to a successful season. Mr. Sweeney is again in charge of the Saints.

W. M. McPherson.

Basketball

With four members of last year's championship edition back, the outlook for this year's team is a favourable one. With Gourlay at centre and Davis at left forward, and Kerr and Kilmer, we have the nucleus of what should be a powerful squad. The coach, Mr. Millward, also has Brickenden, Chipman, Spence, Cobban, Fraser I, Ballon I, Stobie, McVean and O'Brien II to work with. The team will play in the same league as they did last year, with U.T.S., Upper Canada, and Pickering completing the four-team group. There have been practices since the end of the football season, and there is every indication that we shall be even stronger than last year.

E. M. Ballon.

The Senior Cross-Country

The annual Senior Cross-Country for the Wallace Cup was held on November 16th. The coldness of the day and the slight snowflurry gave added energy to the sixty-eight runners who went around the three and a half mile course. The Ballon brothers distinguished themselves by coming first and second in the race. E. Ballon, who took the lead right at the start, won the race by several minutes. His remarkably good time was only thirteen seconds from the school record. J. Ballon came in second with Kennedy only a few inches behind. An interesting point about the race is that certain boys took over the responsibility of it and carried it out without a flaw. Mr. Griffith was not present at the time.

The list of prizes is as follows:

Wallace Cup and Gold Medal, E. Ballon I.
Silver Medal, J. Ballon II.
Bronze Medal, Kennedy.
Prefects Cake, W. A. Cobban.
1st Football Squad Cake, G. M. Brickenden.
2nd Football Squad Cake, E. Spence.
3rd Football Squad Cake, Geils.
Memorial House Cake, A. S. Rutter.
Flavelle House Cake, C. Pollock.
Upper Sixth Cake, G. Stobie.
Lower Sixth Cake, T. C. Cossitt.
Fifth Form Cake, J. V. O'Brien II.
Fourth Form Cake, H. Davis II.
Third Form Cake, Kennedy.

R. G. K.

Swimming Team

On December 7th the Swimming Team journeyed to Toronto to compete with University of Western Ontario, at the beautiful Hart House pool. The boys from London emerged victorious by 30-25, in an exciting meet in which victory was decided only in the final event. Representing the School were Sabiston, Lowndes, Ballon I and Stobie, free-stylers; Moss, Davis I, and Lightbourne, breast-strokers; and Diver and Stobie in the back-stroke. Star for the Saints was Sabiston (co-captain with Moss), who was the only first place winner for S.A.C., with triumphs in the 100 yds. and 200 yds. free-style events. He also came third in the 50 yds. free-style. Too much credit cannot be given "Sab." for his stalwart performance.

With only one Old Colour around with whom to build up a team, Mr. Griffiths, the coach, has done an excellent job with the young and inexperienced material he had to work with.

The score sheet on next page gives the results of the meeting.

In an extra chemistry class the students were studying potassium.

Mr. Goodman—(bringing out a jar containing several cylindrical pieces of potassium)—"I suppose you all know what this is boys?"

McGibbon (joking)—"Rubber stoppers."

The appearance of the potassium was discussed for some time, and a piece was dropped in some water. The water began to fizz and steam. Then Thornton asked—"Is that ordinary rubber, sir?"

S.A.C. vs. WESTERN

Events	Time	Entries	1st	2nd	3rd	S.A.C.	Western
100 yds. Free	67–″	1. Emmott 2. Sabiston 3. Jennings 4. Lowndes	S.A.C.	S.A.C.	Western	8	1
50 yds. Back	35″	1. Scott 2. Stobie 3. Baker 4. Diver	Western	S.A.C.	S.A.C.	4	5
50 yds. Breast	35–″	1. Riser 2. Moss 3. Jennings 4. Davis I	Western	S.A.C.	S.A.C.	4	5
50 yds. Free	27–″	1. Glanville 2. Stobie 3. W. R. Sable 4. Sabiston	Western	Western	S.A.C.	1	8
200 yds. Free	2′54″	1. Gunton 2. Sabiston 3. Farnell 4. Lowndes	S.A.C.	S.A.C.	Western	8	1
Medley Relay	1′37″	1. Scott 2. Rish 3. Wheable 1. Diver 2. Moss 3. Stobie	Western	S.A.C.		0	5
Free Style Relay	2′01″	1. Glanville 2. Cuthbertson 3. Conron 4. Scott 1. Lowndes 2. Ballon 3. Davis I 4. Sabiston	Western	S.A.C.		0	5
					Final Score	25	30

* * *

Girl friend—"My it's terribly hot in here! Do you mind if I sit down?"
Minthorne—"No, does the hot air bother you?"
Girl friend—"Oh no! Keep right on talking."

Colour Committee 1940-41

On November 21st a meeting of the Executive of the Athletic Association was held in the Headmaster's study for the purpose of electing a colour committee.

The proposal was brought forward that the school representative should be chosen from amongst the House Prefects in view of the fact that they already represent the school. This representative to be elected by the Executive of the Association.

An election was held and W. A. Cobban was the choice as school representative on the Colour Committee.

J. E. Davis would become prefect's representative as W. B. Gourlay the only other school prefect, being the rugby captain, was already a member of the committee.

Thus the Colour Committee consisted of:

The Headmaster, Mr. Ketchum, chairman.
The President of the Athletic Association, Mr. Wright.
Mr. Griffiths, Director of Athletics, in an advisory capacity.
W. B. Gourlay, Captain of Football.
J. E. Davis I, representative of the Prefects.
W. A. Cobban, representative of the school.
B. M. Milligan, secretary, a non-voting member.

Also to be present at the meetings are the coaches and captains of each team during the discussion of that team.

Milligan moved that Mr. Porter be given a vote of thanks for the fine way that he built up the first football team. There being only two old colours back it took perseverance to turn out a hard-working squad, but it was managed with characteristic good humour and diligence on the part of "The Coach." The motion was duly seconded and unanimously carried.

There being no further business to discuss the meeting was adjourned.

B. M. MILLIGAN, *Secretary, S.A.C.A.A.*

Football Colour Awards, 1940

The following were awarded First Team Football Colours:

W. B. Gourlay (capt.)
G. McC. Brickenden
J. R. Chipman
W. A. Cobban
J. E. Davis I
R. L. Graham
F. H. Hopkins
R. H. A. Kerr
Wm. M. McPherson
B. M. Milligan
S. Rutter

The following were awarded Second Team Football Colours:

J. D. Fraser I (capt.)
J. R. Good
R. S. Jolliffe
J. A. McVean
W. Minthorn
R. D. Robson
D. P. Sabiston
Shaw I
D. B. Silliman
A. R. Thiele

The following were awarded Third Team Football Colours:

W. B. Butler (capt.)
J. A. Aguayo
E. M. Ballon I
K. G. Cameron II
H. Davis II
A. Ericson
C. A. Gill
J. E. Kilmer
J. J. MacBrien
G. A. O'Brien I
J. V. O'Brien II
K. C. Pilley
E. Pooler
J. Robertson
G. R. M. Sewell
E. Spence
H. Yeomans

The following were awarded Fourth Team Football Colours:

McLeod (capt.)
G. W. Grant I
Hall
D. C. Hunter
R. G. Kilgour
Knox I
Lowndes
MacMillan
Morrison
A. F. Moss
Shaw II
G. H. C. Stobie

The following were awarded Fifth Team Football Colours: (The awarding of these colours this year to the Fifth Team is to serve as no standing precedent. Colours for the Fifth Team are to be awarded to outstanding boys on the team when there is an exceptional Fifth Team as there was this year.)

R. B. Stapells (capt.)
J. P. Booth II
W. M. E. Clarkson
I. R. Colquhoun
T. C. Cossit
E. H. Crawford
D. S. Fraser II
F. S. Grant II
A. G. Geils
W. B. Lappin
A. K. Meredith
C. L. Nicholson

The following were awarded Lower School Football Colours:

J. B. Wynne (capt.)
J. D. Ballon II
C. Crombie
P. C. Garratt II
J. F. Hepburn
R. K. Jones
J. Kennedy
F. A. McKenzie II
H. Mulkey
L. O'Brien III
J. H. Park
C. F. Robinson

Macdonald House

ONCE again the Macdonald House Review Staff can report a very successful term. We have forty-two boys in the House, of whom, twenty-five were new boys at the beginning of the term. We were indeed fortunate in the number of rugby players amongst this number, for our First Team was composed of six new boys and six old. We have two monitors, Rapmund and Park, and two librarians, Eddis and Beverly. We would like to welcome Mr. Hewitt who has joined the staff of the Junior School and we would like to wish both him and his wife every success and happiness. We have all missed Mr. Macrae but we hope he is having a good time at Queen's.

* * *

One hundred and seventy-five books have been taken out of our library by the boys so far this year. The library has a subscription to "Life" which is read by many boys each week. Some other magazines are given to the library. We are, however, still rather ashamed to say that Edgar Rice Burroughs is our most popular author. The library has had several additions during the term and includes a series of books by Rafael Sabatini which have proved very popular.

* * *

The Arts and Craft Room became a factory for the production of model aeroplanes at the beginning of the term. For a while there wasn't room for one more model. Some of the models have flown very well. Regular classes have been conducted in the Woodcraft Room by Mr. Griffiths. Many things of all kinds have been produced.

* * *

Ping-pong has been very popular this year in the playroom and there has been a tournament and a quick elimination contest on Hallowe'en. Mulkey has kept his Macdonald House crown from the beginning of term. However, there are many boys who are willing to challenge him.

* * *

The Camera Club is progressing slowly but surely. This year only a few of the boys have done any real photographic work. But during the term, many of them have learned how to develop a film and print pictures. We hope to proceed much faster after Christmas and to learn something about the correct method of taking well composed pictures. The Club officials have been elected for the year:—President, Heintzman II; Vice-President, Garratt II; Secretary, Crombie.

* * *

During the term a Stamp Club was started in the House. It has eleven members and three boys are seeking membership as soon as they can pass the various membership requirements. At the first meeting of the Club, Fletcher I was elected President and Hirsch, Secretary. Some of the members have valuable collections while others are only just beginning. Every member must have at least two hundred "swopping" stamps. This year there are a lot of boys from overseas, some from England, Peru, India, Jamaica and, of course, the States. This fact adds a lot of interest to stamp collecting.

The following are the present members of the Club:—Fletcher I, Hirsch, Jones, Robinson, Seaton, McKenzie, Mulkey, Murdoch, Lazenby, O'Brian and Stevenson.

* * *

Winter arrived very early this year and caught many of us unprepared. However the Ski Room has been invaded and many boys, both experts and beginners, have tried the jump on the Headmaster's Hill or have glided across country in search of new adventures. It is interesting to watch our English boys fly down a hill on skis for the first time. But some of them have already ski-ed in Switzerland.

Amongst our masters, we have noticed Messrs. Millward, Sweeny, Hewitt and Ives endeavouring to do their best, but where has Mr. Wright hidden his skis?

* * *

On Wednesday, November 13, the annual Cross Country Run took place. Ballon II and Kennedy almost tied for first place. Ballon's time was 17 minutes 16$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds while Kennedy was only a fraction of a second longer. It was one of the best finishes to a cross country that could possibly be imagined. Four boys were all in a bunch as they went around the quad towards the finishing line. The boys included Wynne and Taylor, who ran third and fourth, respectively. It is interesting to note that the following Saturday, Ballon II and Kennedy ran in the Senior Cross Country Race and came second and third. Once again they were separated by inches only. Congratulations to both of you.

Winners of cakes in the race were as follows:—

Upper Flat cake—Wynne
Lower Flat cake—Garratt II
First Team cake—McKenzie
Third Form cake—Park
Second Form cake—Opie II
First Form cake—Heit

* * *

The night of the thirty-first of October was a gay one for Macdonald House for we celebrated Hallowe'en. This year the boys were divided into two groups, one of the Upper School boys and one of the Lower School boys.

The Upper School boys assembled in the library. First of all, we ducked for apples and got pretty wet. Then came a dart competition which was won by dormitory 204. Next came a game of progressive ping-pong, again it was won by dormitory 204.

Meanwhile, the Lower School section of the party was having lots of fun looking for coppers, playing a game called, "Snatch the Sack", boxing blind-folded and playing a brand new game called "Convoy". They certainly made plenty of noise and appeared to have a very enjoyable time.

Then came refreshments for everybody in the library which was followed by Mr. Sweeny's Ghost Story of the Creeping Hand. It was a grand climax to a wonderful evening. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Millward for a very good party.

The Earthquake at Lima, May 11th, 1940

LOOKING at the fair city of Lima bustling in the early morning confusion of a fine May day, one would never have thought of the dreadful catstrophe which was about to occur. My father and I were on a holiday which was for him really a business trip. Thus it was that at eleven o'clock on this particular May morning, my father was on a business tour and I was supposedly looking for a gift for my mother, though actually I had just bought some literature and was on my way back to the hotel to read it. The trams in that old city of Lima were not up-to-date and so, when one passed, the hotel shook slightly. So it was, that as I lay reading, the small shaking that commenced did not even startle me. But the shaking grew worse and it was accompanied by an ever increasing roar. As the trembling increased one could hear the terrified shouts of frightened people mingling with the boom of crashing masonry. I rushed into the hallway but a shower of shattered glass made me dodge into a nearby corridor. Then I decided to join the mass of people who had congregated at the head of the stairs leading down into the street. When among them, I could hear their shouts of terror and, in some cases, their entreaties to the Almighty for protection. At length, the terrible shakings abruptly ceased and, but for the subdued crying of the women, all was still. Some people, among them myself, rushed hither and thither bringing chairs and restoratives to the bereaved. Now that the terrible quake was over, the people began thinking about their friends and relatives. At the erroneous news that all the schools had fallen in, many women began their wailing afresh and could not be assured. Indelibly impressed upon my mind will be that frightful memory of women and children huddled together in groups and bemoaning their misfortunes. My father, after an anxious wait of half-an-hour, returned and to my great happiness we were together again. That day, we toured around the demolished city; in places the buildings showed hardly any trace of the catastrophe, while in others, they looked as if some giant hand had ruthlessly squashed them. The after effects of the tragedy were perhaps the worst. People, refusing to go home, flooded the open squares and built some kind of flimsy shelter. That night, a bitterly cold drizzle came on and added its share to the suffering.

The next day, as our plane arose and circled around over the city, I took one last look at the city of Lima. The journey home was a long one, so I settled down into my chair to sleep away as much as possible of the boring trip.

R. K. JONES (Form V).

Skiing in the Alps

IN the Christmas holidays of 1938, my mother came over from America with the news that we were going to Switzerland to ski! Of course, we were very excited, and we went to Selfridges in London to buy skiing equipment. After a few days in London, we left for Newhaven, about eighty miles away, on the south coast of Sussex, for we were going to Dieppe, thence to Paris. Luckily we were blessed with a calm sea, and our stomachs were still intact on our arrival at Dieppe. At Paris, we had a few hours to spare, and so we had an excellent meal at the station restaurant. We spent the night on the train, and, as a friend had advised against it, we did not engage sleepers, and so we were to spend the night in a compartment. There were nine people, counting ourourselves. We brought down the bags from the luggage racks, and two people slept up there on the racks, while the bags filled up the floor space. Three of us slept on the bags, and four slept on the seats. I say "slept". "Tried to sleep" would be more appropriate. However, next afternoon, on Christmas eve, we arrived at our destination, a small village called Sedrun.

On Christmas day, we had our first skiing lesson. The visitors were divided up into five classes: those who were good skiers; those who had skied before, but were not experts and could understand the German dialect of that part; those who were in the same class as those preceding, but were not linguists; and the other two classes were beginners. We, of course, were in the beginner's class, but, while my youngest brother and my mother were in an English-speaking instructor's care, I and my other brother were under the tuition of a German-speaking skier. At first, we found great difficulty in going down the gentlest slopes, but by the evening of that first day, we could ski, if not with any great beauty, at least with some degree of certainty. After that, we progressed by leaps and bounds. At the end of the first week, we could do vague turns, meant to represent "cristies". At the end of two weeks, we could get along wonderfully. At this time we left the village of Sedrun and went to the comparatively well known skiing centre of Arosa. Here, we progressed even farther and when we left Switzerland, we took memories of unimaginably beautiful mountains, of quaint little snow capped houses, and of thrilling rides down steep hillsides, besides a resolution that next year would see us again in that wondrous land. Unfortunately the war came, and our plans were disrupted, and instead, we are hoping to ski on Canadian hills.

D. S. Fletcher (Form V).

The Adventures of a Would-be Skier

I'M still feeling a little dizzy after what happened to me this afternoon. You ask what happened? Well, I'll tell you just what happened if I can still think.

I start out on a small hill. Ah! this is easy, why it's . . . . Gosh! The snow isn't so terribly soft. Oh, well, maybe the next one will be easier. It's easy enough on the level ground. I ski along for a while and then comes the next hill which is longer and steeper. Well, here goes and down I zoom!!! It's a wonder I'm still alive to tell the tale. The stupid ski pole nearly put my eye out and I was almost buried alive in snow. I slowly pull myself out and when I find to my surprise I can still stand I decide to abandon the hills, which in my opinion are just death-traps. So off I go across country. Ah! this is better, at least I can't kill myself. What's this ahead? A fence. Well, no fence is going to make me take my skis off. I guess I can get over the way I saw that fellow do it this morning. Ah! There's one ski over, now for the other. Ouch! That bally barbed wire, well, the pants are old anyway. Gosh! I'm slipping, the skis stick; help, murder, I'm being cut in two!

How I finally got untangled from that fence and how I finally staggered home is a miracle that I shall never be able to explain. My legs are still recovering from the strain and my body is a tortured wreck.

Well, that's what happened this afternoon! I'm afraid my estimation of skiing has dropped considerably. However, I suppose one day when I have quite recovered I shall again venture out on the ski-trails.

C. Crombie (Form III).

"The Headmaster Wants to See You"

"YOU'RE wanted in the Headmaster's study", said Robertson; "I might warn you he seemed quite 'disturbed' when he told me to get you."

"What!" cried I to myself, "could the Head have found out that I was talking after lights out or that I had been fighting in the dormitory?" As I took each step, I thought of more and more crimes that I had committed, and at each of these thoughts I trembled even more.

On arriving at the Headmaster's door I could not help noticing that his door was slightly ajar and to my horror I saw my parents standing there.

A vast whirlpool of thoughts swam through my head! Was I going to be expelled? At this thought, I shuddered. I tried to assure myself that they were seeing the Headmaster on a friendly visit; but no, that was impossible because they were going to Niagara Falls this week-end.

I looked again into the room; my parents' brows appeared as dark as thunder. By now, as can be imagined, I was practically in a state of nervous exhaustion; my hands were moist, my throat parched.

My parents and the Headmaster were discussing the political situation as I dazedly entered the room; however this conversation was terminated abruptly at my entry.

All eyes were upon me as I stood there, as rigid as a statue; my heart seemed to stop beating; my knees seemed to knock each other as quickly as a machine gun shoots its bullets; my eyes were like glass as I stared into space.

Suddenly, my thoughts were interrupted by the booming of the Headmaster's voice, "We were just talking about the political situation. It's very serious, don't you think?"

I felt like crying out in despair at this remark; was he deliberately mocking me in front of my parents; if I was to be expelled, why didn't he hurry up and get it over with; I was almost at the end of my endurance.

"Well, I won't keep you in suspense," he said with a laugh that made me groan. "I asked you to come to my office to tell you that you are granted leave to go to Niagara Falls this week-end."

BALLON II (Form IV).

London in the Daytime

THE story opens when the majority of workers are traversing the streets going to work. The aspect of these men and women is very cheery, even though they know that when they go home they may find their loved ones dead and their houses in ruins. As they sway back and forth they have to pass great bomb craters and they have to step through ruins of buildings and heaps of broken glass. This, however, does not dampen their spirits in the least. Groups of men soon clear the ruins away and fill in the craters. The women come out to shop and gossip and London goes on as if there were no war at all. At about mid-morning the air raid warnings shriek and the crowds begin to go into the shelters. There is no confusion nor scramble in the operation. The anti-aircraft guns begin firing and English fighters are sent up to meet the enemy. The sky is soon a maze of planes twisting and turning, trying to shoot down the foe. Two bombers are sent down in flames, and one escort plane crashes down with a disabled motor. The attackers are driven off and the "all clear" signal is given. The men go back to their interrupted labours and the women go to see if they still have a house to live in and if not to find some place where the family may sleep. The afternoon passes uneventfully and evening draws near, the men leave their work and come home to catch as many hours of sleep as they can before the bombers come again. So ends a typical London day.

R. D. KNOX (Form III).

My Voyage to Canada

MY voyage was a very exciting one. I sailed from Glasgow on the 26th of July. We were not told in what ship we should sail. It was a Polish ship with a Polish crew. We sailed at four o'clock in the morning, escorted by a number of destroyers and cruisers. Also, overhead, were two Sunderland flying boats, which accompanied us for a thousand miles. On the 30th there was lifeboat drills for all the passengers.

It was interesting to watch the signalling of the seaplanes to the other ships—the Batory, the Monarch of Bermuda, and a small prison-ship. We were attacked by U-boats and we heard depth charges which shook the ship. There were many rumours travelling about, but it was stated officially that the destroyers had sunk two U-boats. The next day we were about to have breakfast when we heard loud gun-fire, but it was said to be only practice. On the following day we passed Newfoundland and landed in Halifax, where we stayed the night. It was ten o'clock next morning when we got off the boat. Then there were the customs officers and it was three hours later before we were on the Montreal train.

J. T. MARSDEN (Lower I).

Mr. Laidlaw—"A saxophone is an ill wind that nobody blows good."

The Spy

The night was cold, the night was dark,
An old man sat on a seat in the park;
I often thought he was a spy,
But people said that was a lie.

I could not see his face at all,
Because he was facing a stony wall;
But I sometimes look and try to see
That man that sat beneath the tree.

That man that sat inside the park,
But only came when it was dark;
So now I don't look any more,
Because my mind's involved in war.

WORLING I (Form I).

A Raid on Hamburg

AT last, the navigator told the pilot that they should be near the the German coast. The pilot nodded, and kept a sharp eye upon the blackness below him. Of course, the coast line couldn't be seen at once as it was midnight. The drone of many other bombers could be heard, for it was an important raid.

The gunner in the nose of the bomber was brought to his senses and the rear gunner, with a grumble that couldn't be heard because of the engines, got up from his nap against the body's framework, and, fastening his helmet, walked through a maze of framework to his turret in the bomber's tail. Soon the pilot leaned forward and succeeded in making out the German coast. He told the navigator.

It was soon apparent that they had come upon the port of Hamburg. The terrifying scream of the sirens was heard and, as if in response, searchlight beams cut into the air and moved to and fro, sometimes crossing each other's paths.

The navigator went to his position on the bomb-sights and started adjusting them, and watching the objects as they appeared. It was a great temptation to pull a switch and send some bombs hurtling down upon the city, for it was inevitable that much damage would be done. But they had orders to attack shipping centres and, besides, the bomber was going to drop down ten thousand feet to make sure of hitting the target. At last the pilot pushed the joy-stick sideways and, with a sickening lurch, the bomber heeled over and started to descend.

The anti-aircraft guns, seeing the bomber descending, started to fire with increased fury which they could show. Shells burst to the bomber's left and right. Indeed, it seemed that if the bomber turned off its straight course it would fly into them. One shell went through the left wing near the fuselage but nothing seemed to stop the plane. Shrapnel was piercing the wings like pepper falling on white paper, but the bomber kept descending.

There was one man who wasn't concerned with the bomber's defence. He was the observer. Following targets in the bomb-sights, the features of the large city became more distinct as the machine glided downwards. At last the huge hulk of a battleship suddenly became distinct as the bomber levelled off. They were too low for the guns to hit them now, and work began in earnest. Just then the battleship came in the bomb-sights and a dummy bomb was released. The navigator watched it go down, becoming smaller and smaller, and finally land amidst a spray with a thudding boom just in front of the battleship. The bomber circled again and two heavy bombs were released. This time they went home and the control tower and forward gun tower swivel were put out of commission. Again and again this was repeated, the bomber taking turns with others. Then the warehouses and docks were attacked and many fires started. At last the supply of bombs was exhausted and the bomber started to climb for the homeward trip. It was a lot lighter without its bombs and it climbed fairly rapidly for such a heavy machine. But as soon as it got up to 3,000 feet it was met by such a volley of fire that it was forced to come down again. Again the bomber tried to escape and again it was forced to descend. However, it finally succeeded in getting out of the barrage and it headed for home. It had done its share in an air raid on Hamburg.

C. W. EDDIS (Form IV).

My Friend

ON this, the nineteenth day of November in this year of grace 1940, I herewith write a memorial to my friend. I do so with a heavy heart, a calm mind, and a clear conscience. For although my heart is heavy with grief, my mind is calm, and my conscience clear.

My last impressions of my friend were when he was on his deathbed and passing slowly away. He was calm, pale, and with that look of determination looking out from those dark blue eyes. He didn't break down, he didn't lose control of himself; he had courage. Yes, courage to face the facts and take the consequences. He knew that in a few hours we would pass away; he knew it, but he always looked toward me with a slight smile upon those hardy cheeks, now pale with the shadow of death. After some hours he gave a sigh and died with that slight smile still upon his lips. So much for my last impressions. Now for his life, my life, the life we loved so well.

We both had a good education, we both had the brains and the money to go into business; but we didn't. No, an office, full of the stench of ink, gum, and the rattling of a typewriter was not for us. We wanted life! Life where you had the freedom of the world, the salt sea spray blowing in your face and the feel of the sail tugging at her bindings, but unable to free herself. To feel oneself ploughing through the onward rush of waves, and then to find that you're on the crest ready for another tussle with the sea. This was the life we loved. We lived together all our lives, and never did we find ought to complain of in this our rough way of life.

We travelled from land to land, from port to port, always seeing something new, something different and better. What life could be better? It needed work, hard work; not everyone could go through what we did and survive. Even my pal, the best pal a man could ever have, buckled in. And now I alone have to enter into a new life—a dark life—a life which I do not know; but with the memory of my friend I shall do the best that I can. Good-bye, my friend, it can never be said that I, your pal, have ever slandered your name.

J. W. Kennedy (Form III).

A Submarine Adventure

ON the morning of November 13, at dawn, the crew of the British submarine, "Neptune", embarked on an adventurous voyage. All was quiet, save the steady tramp of the harbour sentries.

With as little noise as possible, supplies went aboard the great steel fish. At 6.30 a.m. Capt. Johnston was ordered to proceed.

The hatches were closed and engines started.

Half submerged it ran out of Scapa Flow. Then, as the daylight came, it fully submerged.

Only then was the crew told their objective.

"German Shipping in Calais".

Soon the other side of the channel was sighted, then, the port of Calais.

As they neared the port, they slowed down to half speed.

All men took their action stations.

Then followed a tense moment.

Two German torpedo boats patrolling the harbour mouth came towards them.

The engines were stopped. Slowly the "Neptune" sank to the bottom.

Explosions were heard overhead.

Then silence.

Proceeding slowly the submarine advanced to within a mile of the harbour mouth.

The periscope went up and revealed the cruiser "Colonburgh" lying at anchor within torpedo range.

Swiftly two torpedoes hit her amidships. Aboard, all was confusion. She lurched, and her magazine exploded.

Then, as silently as she had come, the submarine departed.

In New Zealand

ONE day, my mother and father got a letter from my grandfather that he was waiting for us to come over to Canada. So off we went for a trip right across New Zealand. We were in a little village with about twenty to thirty houses in it, in the Southern Island.

We started off by going southwest to Timuka, then on to Christchurch. From there we went to Littletown where we got on a small boat and went between the Islands, till we reached Wellington, which is on the coast of the Northern Island.

Then, we went to a Maori village. We slept there one night. During the day we went to see the geysers and hot pools which they had. One geyser was called "The Moving Rock". It was called this because there was a rock which started to move every five minutes. When it moved once or twice we all ran back and waited for it to spout up. There was also another geyser which sprang up every half hour. It shot up about two or three hundred feet high, but we didn't see it for we were not there at the right time. Around every one of the geysers is a great amount of petrified wood, which are little trees turned into stone.

That night we went to see a blow-hole which is a hole from which a terrific amount of air comes out. The guide took a can with a fire in it, and threw the can and everything into the blow-hole, but all it did was fly into the air and turn upside down and let the fire out, which didn't do any harm. The sparks didn't go out because it was steam. After that we went back and got on the bus which was leaving that evening and reached Auckland the next morning. Then we left on the Niagara for Canada on October the 21st.

R. M. OPIE, Lower II.

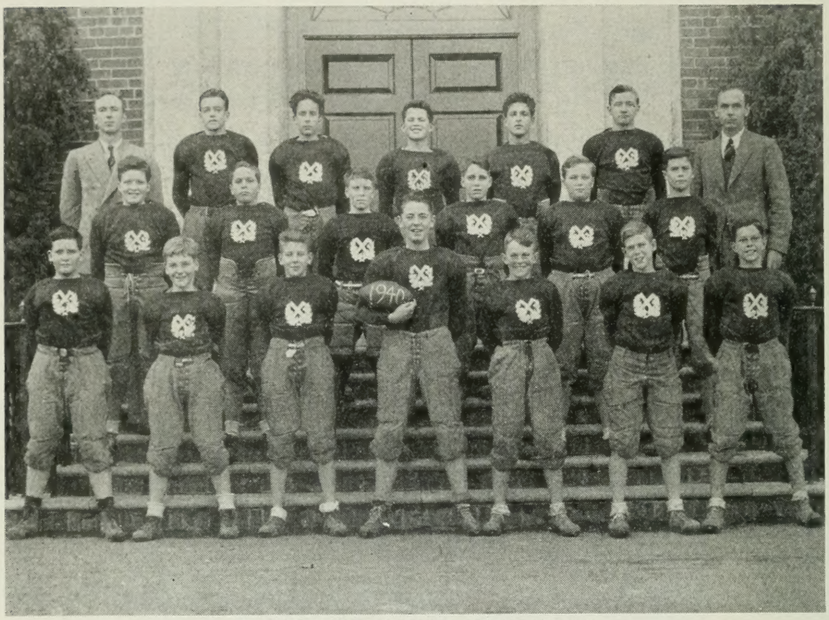
Birds

If you were to awaken when the world is wrapped in grey,
And the sun is just ayawning and is shedding not its ray,
When the birds are slowly stirring, you can hear the skylark sing,
And the swallow and the sparrow are already on the wing.

Then open up your window and listen to the sound,
Of the birdies gently singing in their nests above the ground,
The robin and the blue-bird are famous in the land
But neither of these birdies very often form a band;
Yet first strain your ears and listen on a bright, new sunny day
And the music of the birds will surely take your grief away.

R. A. CAMPBELL—Lower Second.

Macdonald House Rugby



MACDONALD HOUSE FIRST TEAM

Front Row—R. K. Jones, H. M. Seaton, E. C. Medland, J. B. Wynne (captain), F. A. MacKenzie, J. F. Hepburn, P. C. Garratt.
Centre Row—L. S. O'Brian, C. F. Robinson, W. A. Beverley, B. G. Burns, D. R. Knox, T. M. Adamson.
Back Row—Mr. J. B. Millward, C. C. Crombie, H. O. Mulkey, J. H. Park, J. D. Ballon, J. W. Kennedy, Mr. K. H. Ives (coach).

Macdonald House has had a highly successful rugby season. The first team played six games, of which it won five. Against both Ridley College and Upper Canada Prep. Schools it was necessary to take off some of our heavier boys, but against Lakefield 14-year-olds and a Junior House team from Upper Canada our team was at full strength for the whole game and gave a very good account of itself. Our kicker and forward passer, Ballon II, played a first-class game, both offensively and defensively. Wynne, the captain of the team, was a fine plunger and an excellent tackler. Park and Kennedy played good games in the backfield, although the latter must try to overcome a tendency to fumble at critical moments. In the wing position, McKenzie was good at following up a kick and darting in on any possible loose ball, but his tackling was not as sure as it should have been. Mulkey, our other wing, improved steadily as the season progressed, but always found it a little difficult to forget the American rugby on which he was brought up. In the centre of our line, Jones, Robinson, and Hepburn did some good hard tackling and often made a fine hole for our half-back plunger.

O'Brian, as snap, did a good job, but was a little slow as centre secondary defence. Finally, the unmentioned members of the team and the subs. were well up to standard and should form an excellent nucleus for next season's team.

Macdonald House Rugby Colours were given to the following boys: Wynne, Ballon II, Park, Kennedy, Garratt II, McKenzie II, Mulkey, Crombie, Robinson, Hepburn, Jones, and O'Brian III.

MACDONALD HOUSE vs. LAKEFIELD FOURTEENS AT LAKEFIELD

On Wednesday, Oct. 9, Macdonald House travelled to Lakefield for a game with their 14-year-old team. Playing conditions were ideal and the countryside around the Grove was very beautiful with brilliant autumn colours.

Macdonald House opened the first half with a forward passing campaign that had the Grove team at a loss. Successful forward passes were completed in quick order to Kennedy, Seaton, and Garratt. Then came the most spectacular pass of the game—Ballon to Park, leaving the receiver with nothing to do but run for a touchdown. Unfortunately, he tripped over and fell with no one within yards of him! The plunging of Ballon and Wynne was very effective and Macdonald House reached half-time with a lead of 22-0.

The second half told a very different story. Lakefield began to play much more aggressively and to work together much better as a team. Macdonald House, on the other hand, tended to rely on the same plays as in the first half, but they simply would not "click." However, the defence of the Saints was good enough to hold the hard-playing Lakefield team to a single major score. The play throughout the game was full of spirit on both sides and Macdonald House was perhaps lucky to have won by such a considerable margin.

The teams were:

Lakefield—Eayrs, Christie, Onarato, McLean, Harris, MacKenzie, Roozier, Flemming, Dixon, McBrien, Christie II, Wilkes, Herald, Patton.

Macdonald House—Park, Garratt II, Wynne, Ballon II, Kennedy, O'Brian, Hepburn, Beverly, Crombie, Robinson, McKenzie II, Seaton, Jones, Adamson, Medland.

MACDONALD HOUSE vs. RIDLEY COLLEGE PREP. SCHOOL AT S.A.C.

On Saturday, October 20, we succeeded in defeating Ridley College Prep. School by the score of 31-23. The game was fast and well played by both teams.

In the first quarter, Wynne scored a touch on a plunge from the ten yard line and Kennedy converted with a placement kick. McRay then scored a touch for Ridley. However, their convert failed. Wynne again scored a touch, but we failed with the convert.

Kennedy, in the second quarter, scored two touchdowns while Medland scored one. However, all converts failed. This ended the first half with the score 26-5 in our favour.

Ridley in the third quarter, playing a good brand of football, scored two touchdowns, one scored by Atack and the other by McRay. Both their converts succeeded. Wynne then scored our only touch of the quarter, bringing the score to 31-17.

In the last half, McRay scored a touch and the Ridley kicker succeeded in converting it. This brought the final score to 23 points for Ridley and 31 for Macdonald House.

The teams were as follows:

Ridley—McRay, Tom Tone, Atack, Faill, Franks, Caderas, Daniels, Jasperson, Cobb, Coddington, Ashbaugh. Subs—Digby, Fates.

Macdonald House—Park, Wynne, Kennedy, McKenzie, Garratt II, O'Brian II, Jones, Knox, Crombie, Robinson, Seaton. Subs—Beverly, Hepburn, Medland, Adamson, Burns.

MACDONALD HOUSE vs. U.C.C. PREP. AT U.C.C.

On October 16 the Macdonald House team played U.C.C. and came through with a 16-4 victory. Ballon's plunging was an important factor in our victory.

In spite of our fumbling, the play was centred in the U.C.C. zone. Ballon plunged through for the Saints' first touchdown. Kennedy converted with a placement to bring the score to 6-0 for the Saints at the end of the first quarter.

In the second quarter, Ballon plunged for two more touchdowns, and at half-time the score was 16-0 for Macdonald House.

U.C.C. Prep. rallied in the third quarter and a placement by Harvey gave them three points. In the fourth quarter, Adamson was tackled behind the line for a rouge. The game ended 16-4 for Macdonald House. The U.C.C. team was considerably lighter than our team and they played a very plucky game. In the second half, however, Macdonald House played without most of its heavier half-backs and the play was very even.

U.C.C. Prep.—Spence, Sinclair, Harvey, Buchanan, Gerstein, Beattie, Beatty, Gilbert, McDougall, McLaughlin, Morris, White. Subs—Riddell, Chipman, Williams.

Macdonald House—Park, Wynne, Kennedy, Ballon, Garratt II, O'Brian, Beverly, Hepburn, Robinson, Crombie, McKenzie, Seaton. Subs—Jones, Knox II, Medland.

MACDONALD HOUSE vs. LAKEFIELD FOURTEENS AT S.A.C.

There was no score in the first quarter and the play was very even, although the Saints were twice driven back to their own line. However, excellent plunging by Wynne and Ballon once more brought the play out into the middle. Lakefield made some good runs.

In the second quarter, a plunge by Wynne brought the Saints into the lead by 5-0. No convert was made. Then a long kick by Ballon enabled Macdonald House to bring down McLean behind the Lakefield line. (6-0.)

In the third quarter a fumble by the Saints was recovered by Seaton behind our own line to bring the score to 6-2.

In the last quarter Lakefield, with fighting plays, drove Macdonald House back to their own line. Then a cleverly played forward pass to Harris gave them the touchdown they needed to win the game. The game ended as Harris sent the ball over the bars. (8-6.)

The game was a very good one and both sides played well.

Lakefield—Eayrs, Christie I, Onorato, McLean, Harris, MacKenzie, Roozier, Flemming, Dixon, McBrian.

Macdonald House—Park, Garratt II, Wynne, Ballon II, Kennedy, O'Brian III, Hepburn, Beverly, Crombie, Robinson.

MACDONALD HOUSE vs. U.C.C. PREP. AT S.A.C.

Macdonald House was represented by a lighter team after the first touchdown, but the Saints managed to win (12-7). Our captain, Wynne, played a very important part in our victory. In the first quarter Wynne broke through on a plunge and ran for a touchdown. A placement for the convert failed, making the score 5-0.

In the second quarter U.C.C. Prep. was driven back and Wynne kicked behind the line to rouge Spence. However, Macdonald House was forced back to their own line, but held U.C.C. for three downs. Soon, Park was rouged following a good U.C.C. kick. (6-1.)

In the third quarter Garratt and Adamson made a successful end run, and McKenzie caught a long forward pass, enabling Wynne to plunge the remaining yards for a touchdown, making the score 11-1. Shortly afterwards we were driven back and McDougall made a touchdown for U.C.C. Gerstein converted with a placement. (11-7.)

The last quarter was centred in U.C.C. territory. Wynne kicked a rouge from the fifteen-yard line and the game ended 12-7. Throughout the game the U.C.C. tackling was outstanding, and Spence played very well.

U.C.C. Prep.—Spence, Sinclair, Buchanan, Chipman, Scott, Beattie, Gerstein, Gilbert, McLaughlin, Gossage, Greisman, Riddell.

Macdonald House—Wynne, Park, Garratt II, Kennedy, Adamson, Medland, O'Brian III, Beverly, Hepburn, Robinson, Crombie, Seaton, McKenzie II.

MACDONALD HOUSE vs. U.C.C. JUNIOR HOUSE TEAM AT S.A.C.

The play in the first quarter was very even, with Ballon's kicking giving us two points by rouges.

However, in the second quarter, Halford ran around the end of the Macdonald House defence to make two touchdowns, neither of which were converted. It was very cold and hard to handle the ball. A very strong wind made playing much more difficult.

Macdonald House had the wind in the third quarter and a long kick by Ballon caused Sifton to be rouged. This made the score 10-3. Soon afterwards Ballon plunged through and although closely chased, succeeded in making a touchdown, bringing the score up to 10-8. Wynne, our captain, carried the ball over, putting the Saints in the lead 13-10.

In the last quarter the play was very even, U.C.C. driving us back. However, a fifty-yard run by Wynne brought the Saints back into the U.C.C. zone once more. The game ended with Macdonald House winning 13-10. It was a very close game and no one could say who was the winner until the game was over.

Seaton's House—Gillespie, Brown, Sifton, Walker, Halford, Wegand, Tyrell, Mulqueen, Nicholls, Holderoid, Turner, Beatty, Stanley.

Macdonald House—Park, Wynne, Ballon II, Kennedy, Garratt II, O'Brian III, Jones, Knox II, Robinson, Crombie, McKenzie, Mulkey, Seaton, Medland.

A HOUSE GAME

THE EDDIS "ELEPHANTS" vs. THE RAPMUND "RATS"

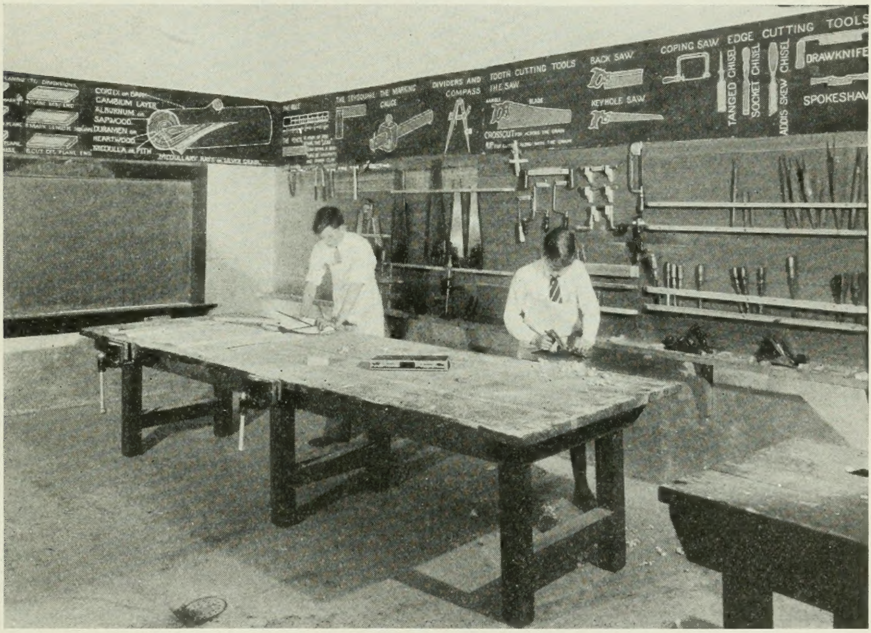
This annual "All Star" game was played on November 7, a cold and windy day. The game began with the Rats kicking off. After an exchange of kicks, Rapmund kicked the first point. There were a few more exchanges of punts before the first quarter ended.

In the second quarter, the Rats had the wind and made good use of it. After another exchange of kicks, Weldon I scored a touchdown for the Rats. Rapmund's convert failed. The play was carried into the Elephants' territory again. Even so, the Elephants' bucked about five yards each time. On a short kick to back of the Elephants' goal line, Seaton scored a touchdown after recovering a fumble. Soon after the first half ended. Score: Rats 11, Elephants 0.

In the next quarter, the Elephants had a decided edge in the play. The Elephants kicked off and the Rats recovered deep in their own territory. During the whole quarter they were hard pressed. Because of an offside penalty against the Rats, they had possession of the ball on their own 15-yard line. Then a costly fumble for the Elephants when they had gained after a kick. Then the quarter.

In the next quarter, the Elephants had the wind against them. The Rats sent Weldon I around the right end from his own 15-yard line and he scored a touchdown. There was an exchange of kicks but as the game neared its end Weldon I scored another touchdown. Neither of these were converted. In the dying minutes the Elephants pressed again but were unable to score.

The game ended with the score: Rats 21; Elephants 0.


DIVIDERS AND COMPASS
TOOTH CUTTING TOOLS
BACK SAW
KEYHOLE SAW
COPING SAW
EDGE CUTTING TOOLS
TANGED CHISEL
SOCKET CHISEL
SKEW CHISEL
DRAWKNIFE

Woodcraft Room

Macdonald House Soccer

THE JUNIOR HOUSE TEAM

This team, composed of boys of 12 and 13, played five games between the close of the rugby season and the coming of the snow. For the first time for years we managed to defeat Crescent School in both the home and away games. Our forwards showed more knowledge of the theory of the passing attack than they had in previous years. In the game against the Upper Canada Prep team we failed to score, partly because we had not enough "punch" or "drive" in front of their goal, but also because U.C.C. possessed an outstanding goal-keeper. Our own defence was a little weak and we lost the game by the decisive score of 3-0. We had two games with the Aurora Public School, one of which we tied, 0-0; the other we lost, 2-1, in what seemed to be almost sub-zero weather.

Our outstanding player was our captain and centre half-back, Adamson. In all the games his defensive kicking was an important factor in our success, but he failed to show much drive offensively. Our centre forward, McKenzie, played very hard, but hardly kept his position on the field consistently enough. The two Fletcher brothers played well and always went on trying. Mention should also be made of Hirsch and Park, whose enthusiasm was always a valuable asset to the side.

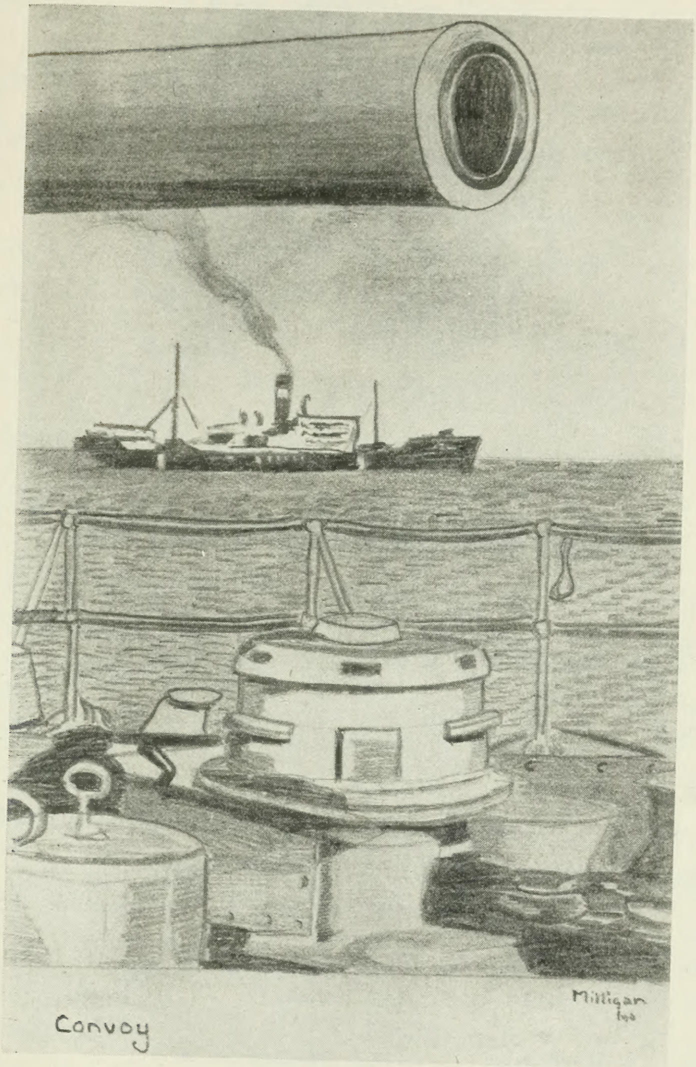
THE HOUSE LEAGUE

As in the last few years, the entire House was divided into four teams: the Aces, the Imps, the Elephants, and the Pill-pushers. Unfortunately, due to the early arrival of the snow this year, the League failed to complete even its second round of games. Each team played four games. The writer is not an Ace, but he has to reluctantly admit that they promised to be the best team in the league. Wynne, Opie I, and McKenzie were their outstanding players. In the four games which they played, they were undefeated, although the Elephants did hold them to a one-all tie. The Pill-pushers were led by Adamson and Kennedy; the Elephants by Park, Garratt and Crombie; and the Imps by Ballon, Rapmund, and Fletcher I. Whether any of these teams could have challenged the supremacy of the Aces is a highly debatable point which depends completely on one's personal allegiance to any one of the three.

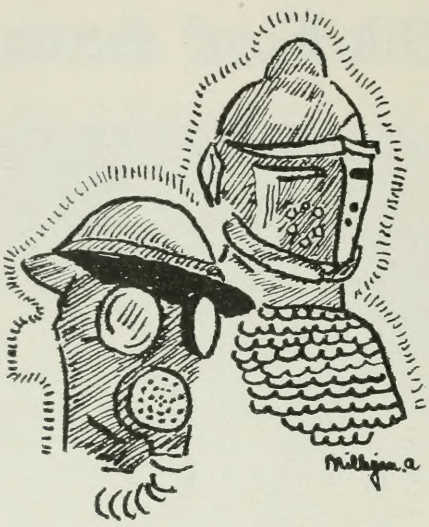
The league standings, when the snow stopped play, were as follows:

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pts.
Aces	3	0	1	7
Imps	2	2	0	4
Elephants	1	2	1	3
Pill-pushers	1	3	0	2

Old Boys' Section



The navies of the world all have their favourite drinks. The British Navy likes its rum; the American Navy, whisky; but the Italian Navy sticks to *port*.



For Freedom!

On His Majesty's Service

NOVEMBER 15, 1940

Name	*Rank*	*Unit*	*Home*	*Years at S.A.C.*
Adams, W. H.	A.C. 2	R.72284, R.C.A.F., Prince Rupert, B.C.	Toronto	1928–35
Adamson, E. G.	Pte.	B. 73797, 48th Highlanders, Oakville, Ont	Oakville, Ont.	1929–33
Allen, E. B		R.C.A.F.	Toronto	1919–22.
Angus, W. G.	Lieut.	Kent Regiment, C.A.S.F.	Chatham, Ont.	1937–38
Applegath, A. W.	Pte.	B.84408, 5th Field Ambulance, First Can. Div., R.C.A.M.C.	Toronto	1912–21
Applegath, W. G.	Pte.	B.84090, 5th Field Ambulance, First Can. Div., R.C.A.M.C. (Invalided home, Nov., 1940)	Toronto	1920–28
Armstrong, R. W.	Capt.	1st Field Regiment, R.C.H.A., C.A.S.F	Toronto	1922–27
Barber, K. D.	Lieut	Lorne Scots	Georgetown	1923–27
Barclay, W. C.	Capt.	O.C. 48th Highlanders Wing, C.A.S.F. No. 2 District, Stanley Barracks	Toronto	1902–06
Bartram, J. Roi	Lieut.	9th (Toronto) Field Battery, R.C.A. No. 1 Holding Unit, C.A.S.F	Toronto	1919–22

Name	*Rank*	*Unit*	*Home*	*Years at S.A.C.*
Batchelor, L. K.		R.C.A.F.	Toronto	1924–27
Batchelor, V. L.		R.72434, R.C.A.F. Security Guard, No. 3 Flight, Camp Borden	Toronto	1924–25
Bell, W. G.	Pte.	B.37272, Royal Hamilton Light Infantry, C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1900–09
Birkett, E. D.		R.C.A.F.	Ottawa	1921–24
Birks, G. D.	2nd Lieut.	The Black Watch, Royal Highlanders of Canada	Montreal	1933–36
Boulton, E. G. A.	Lieut.	4th Field Amb., C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1911–13
Boyes, J. L.	L/Sgt.	B.73390 9/15 Field Battery, 11th Army Field Battery, R.C.A., C.A.S.F.	Napanee	1928–29
Brown, J. L.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders of Can., 1st Can. Div. C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1918–27
Brown, Kenneth	Pte.	B.88082, Infantry Training Centre, Camp Borden	Toronto	1936–38
Bruce, G. Nigel	Lieut.	Royal Can. Naval Volunteer Reserve, Com. Windsor Division	Walkerville	1900–
Burrows, F. E.	Lieut.	R.C.N.V.R., Esquimalt, B.C.	Toronto	1926–27
Careless, W. D. S.	Lieut.	R.C.A.S.C. 1st Corps, Ammunition Park	Toronto	1921–26
Carson, Alex. S.			Rexton, N.B.	1920–23
Cassels, G. T., M. C.	Major	2nd in Command of the 14th Field Regiment, R.C.A., C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1903–12
Collins, W. A.	Sgt.	A.33035, 97th Battery, 21st Army Field Regiment, R.C.A., C.A.S.F.	Walkerton	1929–30
Corson, R. R.	2nd Lieut.	Queen's Own Rifles of Can., 2nd Battalion	Toronto	1928–32
Cowan, R. B.	Pilot Officer	C.2514, R.C.A.F., No. 1, Manning Depot	Toronto	1926–26
Cumberland, R. C. A.	Pte.	Royal Can. Regiment, 2nd Battalion	Toronto	1919–24
Davison, H. H.		R.78094, R.C.A.F., Trenton.	Welland	1937–40
Dean, M. P.	Capt.	No. 1 Training Camp, Woodstock	Toronto	1919–22
Dean, A. S.	Pte.	88432, 1st Can. Div. Supply, C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1920–25
Dick, W. C.	Lieut.	R.H.L.I., I.T.C., No. 2	Toronto	1923–26

Name	*Rank*	*Unit*	*Home*	*Years at S.A.C*
Dickie, D. M.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders of Can.	Toronto	1933–37
Dinnick, J. S.	Lieut.	R.C.A. No. Art. Holding Unit Reinforcement	Hamilton	1924–26
Dinnick. W. S.	Lieut.	Toronto Scottish, M.G.T.C.	Toronto	1924–26
Dodd, E. W.	Lieut.	Royal Regiment of Can.	Jamaica	1933–37
Dunbar, A. W.	Lieut.	7th Battalion, The Border Regiment	Toronto	1929–31
Duncanson, A. E., D.S.O., V.D., A.D.C.	Lt.-Col.	48th Highlanders of Can.	Toronto	1902–07
Duncanson, A. A.	Capt.	Royal Regiment of Canada	Toronto	1922–26
Dunlap, D. M.	Lieut.	7th Toronto Regiment	Toronto	1920–27
Eakins, Rev. C. G.	Capt.	2nd Can. Motor Cycle Reg., G.G.H.G.	Welland	1911–16
Easson, J. M.	Lieut.	Royal Regiment of Can. 2nd Infantry Training Centre, Camp Borden	Toronto	1913–16
Eaton, J. W.	Lieut.	2nd Can. Motor Cycle Reg., G.G.H.G., Exhibition Park	Toronto	1924–27
Edwards, E. B.		R.C.A.F., Brandon, Man.	Toronto	1927–31
Ellis, E. H.	Sgt. Pilot Instructor	R.70427, R.C.A.F. Hamilton Elementary Flying Training School	Brantford	1928–32
Ely, D. R.	Lieut.	9th Field Battery, R.C.A.	Toronto	1925–29
Ely, R. M.	Lieut.	7th Toronto Regiment	Toronto	1925–30
Findlay, H. J.	Flying Officer	C.1179, 11th Squadron, R.C.A.F. In England	Carleton Place	1929–32
Findlay, D. G.		R.C.A.F.	Westmount, P.Q.	1919
Foster, T. H.	A.C.1.	R.C.A.F. 13th O.T. R.57705 Signal "B" Flight, Patricia Bay	Vancouver, B.C.	1911–12
Fraser, J. D., V. D., A.D.C.	Lt.-Col.	4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards (N.P.A.M.)	Ottawa	1903–11
Ganong, J. E.	Major	48th Highlanders of Canada, C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1913–20
Gordon, G. O.	Lieut.	No. 11, Can. Forestry Co., Immigration Bld., Quebec City	North Bay	1924–30
Gordon, T. C.	Lieut.	Welland & Lincoln Reg.	Welland	1937–39

Name	*Rank*	*Unit*	*Home*	*Years at S.A.C.*
Gossage, C. D, Dr.	Major	48th Highlanders of Canada, C.A.S.F	Toronto	On Board of Governors
Grant, Donald A			Toronto	1910–12
Grass, W. H	Lieut.	7th Toronto Reg., R.C.A.	Toronto	1935–37
Grier, C. B		R.C.A.F	St. Agathe des Monts, P.Q.	1929–31
Hamilton, J. H	Lieut.	Royal Can. Artillery, Petawawa Camp	Barrie	1928–33
Hampson, D. E. J	A.C.2	R.C.A.F., No. 1 Wireless Sta. in Montreal	Montreal	1935–39
Harris, R. J	Lieut.	Essex Scottish, Camp Borden	Toronto	1931–36
Hees, W. M	Pilot Officer	C.1468, R.C.A.F., Trenton	Toronto	1935–37
Hertzberg, C. S. L., M.C	Brigadier	Royal Can. Engineers, 7th Army Corps, C.A.S.F	Toronto	1899–01
Hill, H. P			Ottawa	1927–30
Hindmarsh, J. C	2nd Lieut.	2nd Can. Motor Cycle Reg. (G.G.H.G.) N.P.A.M	Oakville	1924–26
Holliday, D. H	Lieut.	Ontario Battalion (Tank), Camp Borden	Toronto	1916–17
Housser, J. G	Lieut.	Royal Regiment of Can., C.A.S.F	Toronto	1928–32
Hungerford, G. C	Lieut.	Royal Can. Regiment, Camp Borden	London	1933–35
Johnson, J.H., R.C.N.	Cadet	Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, South Devon	Hawkesbury	1935–40
Johnston, H. A., D.S.O., M.C.	Lt.-Col.	2nd Battalion, The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment of Canada)	Montreal	1908–12
Johnston, S. B	Pte.	A.6105, No. 6 Platoon, R.C.R., C.A.S.F	Montreal	1932–34
Junkin, R. L., M.C.	Major	O.C. 2nd Field Co., Royal Can. Engineers	Toronto	1902–07
Kelly, C. C	Flight Lieut.	R.C.A.F	Toronto	1929–30
Kennedy, J. A. C.	Gunner Trumpeter	D.7701, 66/81 Field Battery, R.C.A., C.A.S.F	Toronto	1926–31
Kent, J. H.	1st Lt. & Paymaster	2nd Motor Cycle Regiment (G.G.H.G.) Camp Borden	Toronto	1918–26

Name	*Rank*	*Unit*	*Home*	*Years at S.A.C.*
Kent, G. L.	Major	G.S.O. (2) School of Army Co-operative, R.C.A.F. Sta., Rockliffe, Ont.	Toronto	1910–19
King, Bruce B.	Major	48th Highlanders of Canada.	Toronto	1911–22
King, W. D.	1st Lieut.	Toronto Scottish, M.T.C. No. 20, Brantford	Aurora	1936–37
King, Dale	Pte.	R.69584, R.C.A.F., High River, Alta	Aurora	1938–39
Kingsmill, C. D.	Lieut.	1st Medium Reg., R.C.A.	Toronto	1924–26
Kinley, G. J.		R.C.A.F.	Halifax	1937–38
Kinsey, J. L.	A.C. 2	R.C.A.F.	Toronto	1921–22
Leishman, G. E.	Flying Officer	C. 2430, R.C.A.F., H.Q., Ottawa	Toronto	1907–14
Leishman, N. J.		R.C.A.F.	Toronto	1912–13
Lemon, A. V.	Sgt.	B.78847, Irish Reg. of Can., Camp Borden	Toronto	1919–23
Lightbourn, G. O., Rev.	Hon. Flight Lt.	Chaplain, R.C.A.F., Manning Depot, Ex. Park	Aurora	1903–08
Lorway, C. R.	Lieut.	Cape Breton Highlanders (in Sydney, N.S.)	Sydney, N.S.	1927–28
Lough, C. Douglas	Lieut.	48th Highlanders of Canada, 1st Can. Reconnaissance Squadron, 1st Can. Brigade, C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1924–29
Lovering, W. L.	Lieut.	7th Toronto Regiment	Toronto	1921–24
McColl, J. B.	Pilot Officer	112th Squadron, R.C.A.F.	Waterdown	1928–36
McEachren, F. F.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders of Canada, Camp Borden	Toronto	1931–37
McGregor, Gordon R., D.F.C.	Squadron Leader	R.C.A.F.	Montreal	1917–20
McIntosh, C. A.	Lt.-Col.	14th Gen. Hosp., R.C.A.M.	Montreal	1916–17
McKinley, J. F.	Major	Director General of Medical Services, Nat. Def. Dept.	Ottawa	1908–10
McTaggart, F. G.			Clinton	1921–24
McVean, D. P.	Pte.	A.49854, 24th Kent Regt., Chatham, Ont.	Dresden	1918–19
Macdonald, D. S.			Edmonton	1934–35
Macdonald, James F.	A.C.1 A.O.S.	No. 56319, R.C.A.F. Malton Air Port, Security Guard, Camp Borden	Montreal	1936–39

Name	*Rank*	*Unit*	*Home*	*Years at S.A.C.*
MacIntosh, C. T. H.	L/Corp.		Brampton	1935–37
MacIntosh, D. G. K.	Leading Aircraftman	R.69585, R.C.A.F., No. 12, E.F.T.S. Sky Harbour, Goderich	Kitchener	1932–39
Mackenzie, A. B.	Lieut.	4th Anti-Aircraft Battery	Halifax	1932–35
Maclachlan, K. S.	Lt.-Col.	Acting Deputy Minister (Naval & Air) Dept. of National Defence, Ottawa	Montreal	1908–09
Macrae, D. G.	Sub. Lieut.	R.C.N.V.R.,H.M,S. "Tormentor," Warsash, Hampshire, Eng.	Oakville	1937–38
Malcolm, E. B.		R.C.A.F.	Montreal	1910–12
Massey, Denton	Flight Lieut.	R.C.A.F., Trenton, Ont.	Toronto	1910–12
Milligan, F. S., M.C.	Major	No. 2 Detachment, R.C.E., D.E.O.	Oakville	1902–07
Mitchell, J. H.	Lieut.	R. Can, Artillery, Petawawa	Toronto	1936–38
Mitchell, R. C.	Capt.	Dept. of National Defence	Vancouver	1909–11
Montgomery, L. C., Dr.	Medical O.C.	Military Hospital No. 14, C.A.S.F.	Montreal	1909–12
Moores, W. T.	Gunner	No. 970297, Royal Artillery, 57th Newfoundland Heavy Regiment	Newfoundland	1928–30
Morlock, J. F.	Capt.	1st Med. Reg., R.C.A.	Toronto	1922–31
Morton, D. C.	Sub. Lieut.	Royal Can. N.V.R.	Toronto	1932–36
Mussen, H. N.	Sergeant B.22004	24th Anti.Tank Battery	Toronto	1929–31
Nicholls, F. I.	Lieut.	Royal Reg. of Can.	Toronto	1929
O'Brian, G. S.	Wing Commander	No.1 Initial Training School, R.C.A.F. Eglinton Hunt	Aurora	On Staff, 1935–39
Parker, John			Toronto	1923–30
Patten, A. R.		R.C.A.F.	Toronto	1917–19
Patterson, D. S.	Flying Officer	110th Squadron, R.C.A.F.	Montreal	1915–21
Peace, G. D.			London, Eng.	1923–30
Pearson, K. G.	Corporal	No. 62619, R.C.A.F., Jackson Bldg., Ottawa	Smith's Falls	1930–31
Pentland, W. T.		R.C.A.F.	Toronto	1929–37
Perrin, J. D.	O.D.	Royal Can. Naval Vol. Reserve, H.M.S. "Raleigh," Tor Point, Cornwall, Eng.	Winnipeg	1928–34

Name	*Rank*	*Unit*	*Home*	*Years at S.A.C.*
Phibbs, G. O. G.	Lieut.	48th Highlanders, 2 Bn.	Toronto	1936–37
Pink Shirley B.	A.C.2	No. 53969, R.C.A.F., No. 5, Equipment Depot, Moncton, N.B	Ottawa	1918–19
Power, C. N	L/Cp.	48th Highlanders	Toronto	1918–21
Price, S. H		R.C.A.F.	Niagara Falls	1919–20
Qua, W. A	Sgt.	2nd Bn. Gray & Simcoe Foresters	Collingwood	1929–32
Ramsey, A. R	Capt.	No. 2 District Depot, Stanley Barracks	Toronto	1902–08
Rea, D. K	2nd Lieut.	2nd, 13th Battery, R.C.A., N.P.A.M., Winnipeg, Man	Toronto	1921–28
Reive, B. M	Pte.	B.89938 5th Field Ambulance R.C.A.M.C., C.A.S.F.	Welland	1924–27
Reid, W. D	C/Bdr.	D.12565 B. Troop, 66/81 Field Battery, R.C.A., C.A.S.F. Petawawa	Shawinigan Falls, P.Q.	1936–40
Robertson, F. S., Dr.	Flying Officer	Royal Air Force, Scampton, Lincs., Eng.	Toronto	1918–29
Rowell, F. N. A		R.71661, R.C.A.F. No. 2 Squadron, Jericho Beach, Vancouver, B.C.	Toronto	1929–34
Saunders, R. P	Major	Royal Can. Reg., 2nd Bn.	Toronto	1900–04
Sharp, W. S	Pte.	73906, 48th Highlanders of Can., A. Co.	Toronto	1930–34
Shaw, W. D	Seaman	R.C.N.V.R., Sig. & TTel.	Mimico	1939-40
Simpson, G. R	Signalman	B.34581, Headquarters Corp. Medium At. Signal Section, 1st Can. Corps Signals, R.C.C.S., C.A.S.F.	Hamilton	1912–16
Skeaff, S. M	Gunner	B.21157, XX Battery, Super Heavy Group, R.C.A., C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1915–21
Slater, N. D	Lieut.	7th Toronto Regiment	Toronto	1924–27
Sloan, J. R		R.C.A.F.	Jellico	1917–20
Sloggett, H. C		R.C.A.F.	Toronto	1934
Smith, K. S	Pte.	No. 73070, B Co. 48th Highlanders of Canada, C.A.S.F.	Cornwall	1927–29
Smith, C. F	Air craftman	1.R.53689, No. 1 Bombing and Gunnery School, R.C.A.F.	Cornwall	1927–29

Name	Rank	Unit	Home	Years at S.A.C.
Smith, A. L.	2nd Lieut.	21st Battery, 7th Tor. Reg.	Toronto	1925–26
Smith, W. T. C.	Lieut.	No. 2 Army Field Workshop, Roy. Can. Ordnance	Toronto	1926–29
Spence, P. M., Dr.	Lieut.	R.C.A.M.C., Camp Borden	Fort William	1928–29
Straith, J. L.		R.C.A.F.	Windsor	1926–33
Syer, C. R. E.	Pte.	No. 75972, Toronto Scottish Reg., C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1916–20
Thomson, D. I. A.	Sgt.	A.493108, Can. Fusiliers (M.G.) City of London Reg.	London	1936–39
Vale, A. A. N.	Flying Officer	C.2519, No. 1 Initial Training School	Toronto	1920–28
Wadds, R. W.	L.A.C.	R.C.A.F., Malton, Ont.	Toronto	1936–38
Waller, R. E.	Flying Officer	C.2253, R.C.A.F., Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa	Toronto	1922–32
Watt, Ian M.	A.C.2	R.83532, R.C.A.F., Barker Field	Toronto	1922–24
Welsh, Carl F.		R.C.A.F.	St. Catharines	1918
White, M. G. A.	Capt.	R.C.A.S. Corps, 9th Brigade, 3rd Division, C.A.S.F.	Toronto	1920–24
Young, J. W.		R.C.A.F.	Vancouver	1909–12
Oliver E. S.	L/Bdr.	B.21056, 23rd Battery, R.C.A.	Aurora	Employee 1932–39
Died on Service				
Drury, C. R.	Serg.	B.84181, 5th Field Ambulance	Toronto	1920–22
Mitchell, J. W.	Pilot Officer	R.C.A.F.	Kirkfield	1931–32

Note: The School will appreciate any further information regarding Old Boys on active service in order that we may keep in touch with them and keep our records up to date. Please forward any such information as may come to your attention giving, where possible, the full name, rank, number, unit and address in each case.

In co-operation with the Ladies' Guild and the Old Boys' Association, the School has established a fund for the purchase and despatch of cigars and other comforts for the Old Boys overseas. Contributions to this fund may be made to the Secretary, St. Andrew's College, and will be greatly appreciated by "The Troops."

The following Old Boys of the Non-Permanent Active Militia have made application for admission to Active Service Units:

Name	*Home*	*Years at S.A.C.*
Alexander, G. P	Toronto	1904–13
Bowen, W. A.	Toronto	1936–37
Bowman, D. E	Windsor, Ont	1926–30
Broome, R. M	Toronto	1933–39
Buchanan, W. G	London, Ont	1936–40
Forbes, T. R	Brantford, Ont	1927–32
Gordon, T. A.	Toronto	1920–31
Gurton, D. H	Kitchener, Ont	1937–40
Hamilton, H. K	Toronto	1937–40
Howe, Peter J	Toronto	1933–37
McPherson, C. M	London, Ont	1916–20
Metcalfe, B. E	Toronto	1929–34
Milne, D. W	North Bay, Ont	1928–30
Patterson, G. C. S	Toronto	1915–21
Preston, J. C	Brantford, Ont	1927–30
Redmond, C. D	Halifax, N.S	1919–20
Seaton, J. D	Cordova Mines, Ont	1935–38
Slemin, H. C	Toronto	1918–28
Stirling, K. B	Timmins, Ont	1922–24
Warburton, G. P	1167 Comox St., Vancouver B.C.	1915–17
Willoughby, H. B	Hull, P.Q	1911–16

Grateful acknowledgment is made of the presentation of a set of Raphael Sabatini books to the Lower School library by Mr. E. C. Weldon of the Kingsport Press, New York. Mr. Weldon would soon realize how much the books are appreciated if he could see the evident enjoyment derived by the many boys who are reading them.

Old Boys' Mail Bag

Wit, wisdom and whatnot culled from casual correspondence.

Bruce King (1914-1922) writes from "Somewhere-in-the-Woods, England" and after acknowledging with thanks the cigarettes sent by the S.A.C. organizations, he continues:

"If we had a lake it would be like a boys' summer camp here. Life is pleasant, even if we have to do it for a living now instead of for a holiday as in years gone by.

Good-bye and regards to my old friends on the staff."

Bill Applegath, from Aldershot, Hants.

"Many thanks to the Ladies' Guild, the Old Boys and the present school. It sure lets us know you are all thinking of us."

(Bill has since been invalided home.)

Similar acknowledgments have come from many Old Boys on Active Service, space however permits us to quote only from a few.

Dr. Charles Gossage (Board of Governors), says:

"We are all waiting impatiently for Jerry to come over. A great reception is now assured, thanks to his giving us time to prepare . . . "

Bill Adams (1928-35) writes from Seal Cove, Prince Rupert, B.C.:

"I'm out here attached to No. 6 Bomber and Reconnaissance Squadron, R.C.A.F., doing guard duty. It is just in embryo and I've had no excitement here as yet. I hope to go to the Initial Training School soon. Whether it will be at Regina or at Eglinton Hunt Club, Toronto, and just when, are very much in doubt. Our main work out here is anti-sabotage, as Prince Rupert has its Germans, Italians and a large Japanese population. Our future station here will be very important in Coastal Defence work . . . haven't bumped into any S.A.C. Old Boys as yet . . ."

Arthur Dunbar (1928-30), serving in England with the Border Regiment 7th Battalion (Imperial), writes to the Headmaster:

"Please convey my warmest thanks to the Ladies' Guild, the Old Boys, and the Present School, for their very welcome gift of cigarettes, which has just reached me after a period of four months on the journey.

Though I am now in the British Army (having spent over four years in England), and fighting with Englishmen, I nevertheless cannot help feeling that I am fighting my own little private battle as a representative of Canada. To be able once again, to fill my lungs with a sweet breath of Canada, makes me even prouder of this fact, and more determined.

I have heard little of the School since coming to England, but spent a very enjoyable day with Rolph Grant at Manchester last summer when his match was rained out. I often wonder whether very many of the Old Boys of '28 to '31 are now in England. Leave does not come very often now, but I would like to be able to look some of them up soon, and am wondering whether you have news of any of them.

We are now stationed on the Kentish Coast which is very much in the "front line" at the moment. This business of waiting would be almost intolerable, were it not for Jerry's daily visits to waken things up a bit.

I am glad that the School has made such progress in the past few years. May it continue to prosper under your leadership for many years to come."

Forbes Morlock (1922-31), with the 9th Battery, R.C.A., writes this from England:

"As you know Dave Ely (S.A.C. '25-'29) is with this battery, another Old Boy is Lester Boyes who was at the School from '28 to '30. He joined as a gunner and is now a bombardier and I think should eventually get a commission. I haven't seen any of the other Old Boys for quite some time but should be bumping into some of them anytime now.

When you get this we will no doubt have seen action somewhere as we can't continue training for very much longer. Little did anyone think when we were at school that another war would be along so soon, however I guess that is how things go. After training for a profession the army feels like a waste of many years. However it is a good life and training of any kind is never a waste.

Please remember me to the Misses Brookes and the Masters who were there when I was. I will write again with more news of the Andreans as soon as I run up with them. Thank you again."

Fred Rowell (1929-1939) is with R.C.A.F. Training School at Jericho Beach, Vancouver. From an extremely interesting letter, which space alone prevents our giving in full, we gather that at least some of his highest flying is done on the ground. The Dance, the Drama and week-end leave are apparently all part of the new Empire Air Training Scheme—and then he tells us that he has "made no progress toward becoming qualified air crew." After all, one must start from the ground up.

C. S. L. Hertzberg (1899-1901) tells us that the School is well represented over in England, and from his position as Brigadier, he should be a good judge of the general picture.

Jack Brown (1918-1927), in England with the 48th, recalls in a letter to the Headmaster their rencontre of a few years ago in London. At the time of writing, early August, he was able to say that "the Old Town has hardly changed except for blackouts, and it is running in full swing". He continues: "As you know with this unit there are Major Bruce King, Major Ed Ganong, our good old M. O. Charles Gossage, and Doug. Lough has just joined us about a month ago . . . Right now there is a lot of talk, and we are waiting for the unexpected—whether or not Jerry will make his attempt to invade this place—if so no doubt it will be a dandy but the boys are just about ready to get at something and we will let him have plenty. It was great to get the copy of the REVIEW and to learn all about your current events . . . "

Bruce King (1911-1922), in a more recent letter says: "Our battalion is spread all over the woods and we live under canvas. I see Doug. Lough and Jack Brown occasionally. Both are well.

"So far the war has been fun. The planes and search-lights put on quite a spectacular show every night. We get a little bored at so many air-raid alarms. Yesterday it was six and usually at meal time or when one is sleeping.

"Please give my best to all the kindly gentlemen who struggled so patiently during the last war to teach me essential things. The passage of 20 years and another war has only served to increase my appreciation of their efforts and kindliness . . . "

John G. Housser now with the Canadian Troops in Iceland (1928-32) has written many interesting letters to his father, Harry B. Housser (S.A.C.1899-1903). The following is an extract from one which Harry has been good enough to pass on to us recently:

"From the various letters that you have received you have a good knowledge of this country, its people and industries. For my part, I find it extremely interesting and in several places quite beautiful. I am very lucky as my job calls for a good deal of travelling and I have covered the northwest coast of the Mainland entirely and have met very interesting people, and have seen sights at all hours of day and night which I shall never forget. In the north there are trees, at least the Icelanders call them trees, to us they are bushes about 4 ft. to 6 ft. in height. Have crossed mountains by car taking 10½ hours to do 20 miles; been through mountain passes the sides of which have gorgeous water falls of such crystal clear water one would swear that it was silver. Wild ducks and wild swans by the hundred and am not over-estimating in my figures. I saw a falcon with a bird as big as a pigeon in its claws fly over my head and land 20 yards from me, and upon seeing me, flew away leaving its dead prize on the rocks; the dead bird was still warm when I examined it and was minus its head. The falcon is larger than the English type and is black and white in colour, the wing spread is such that I thought it was an eagle at first. The ducks and swans here are not to be shot at, it is against the law, there is no open season. The variety of birds is small, but some are very pretty. The most astonishing sights are seen in the mountains, the colours that are produced by the sun at its various stages, the colour of the stone in the mountains, the ice fields and snow and rainbows by the dozen. While plant life is scarce owing to the lava beds which stretch for miles, and where there is grass the quality is rather coarse; this is caused, so I am given to understand, by the amount of sulphur and poison that is in the ground from volcanic eruptions plus the incessant strong biting winds. The people are well educated and their manners are excellent. The younger set are quite modern and dress very smartly, considering that 90% of their clothing is imported and importation of goods is very restricted, owing to the existing conditions. Their modern houses are typical of German and Swedish architecture and are constructed of concrete, reinforced. Gravel and rock shale is abundant and easy to get at, and with the modern mixing machines it is no trick at all to produce a good quality concrete, cement or rough cast.

The customs in the homes are similar to the Danish. I have on each of my trips been invited into several homes at various parts of the country and their hospitality is on a par to that of Canada, the guest is first, last and always. Of course, there is a ration card system in use on flour, tea, coffee, sugar and yeast.

There are no beggars, each person earning up to a certain sum contributes to the state so much for a type of Relief System. Personal incomes are quite heavily taxed; the result being—no extreme wealth and no extreme poverty. Education, of course, is compulsory, Swedish drill, gymnastics and swimming is also compulsory, providing the child is physically able to stand such exercise."

Russell T. Black (1915-20) sets a good example which any Old Boy would do well to follow. He writes from Buenos Aires, during one of his regular trips as supervisor of Agencies for The Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada:

"There is a friend of mine in Buenos Aires who has a son sixteen years of age, whom he wishes to send to a boarding school in Canada. I have told him about St. Andrew's and have promised to obtain for him a prospectus of the School. Would you please be good enough to have one sent to him along with full information.

I have been down here a month and am sailing for home to-day. Please excuse the rush, but the boat sails very soon and I wanted to get this note sent to you by airmail."

J. E. Ganong (1920-30), 48th Highlanders, Overseas, says:

"Everything is well with us but we are wondering when we are going to get at the Hun and get this finished. The Battalion is in fine shape and very keen."

Old Boys' News

The following were among the many Old Boys who have called at the School since the last REVIEW went to press: R. L. Harter, Cleveland; Stuart Sexmith, Alpina, Mich.; Reed Johnston, Montreal; W. H. Comstock, Brockville; W. L. Hogarth, Timmins; "Bim" Macdonald, Shawinigan Falls; Don Spence, Fort William; Fred Duncan, Fort William; Stanley Price, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Bob Ankenman, Chesley, and Queen's University; Bob Hastey, Chicago; Kent Smith, Delhi, Ont., and Queen's University; Capt. C. Gray Eakins, Welland; W. C. Dick, Caledonia; Ted Adamson, Oakville; Charlie Power, Toronto; John Kent, E. W. Dodd, Fraser Grant, Jack Harris, Hugh Dean, Bill Hees, Doug. Wood, Peter Dickie, Ross Paul, Doug. Ross, Victor Diver, Joe Taylor, Ian Macdonald, Murray Shirriff, Norman McPherson, W. B. McPherson, K.C., R. C. Kilgour, Sr., R. C. Kilgour, Jr., Chas. E. ("Chap") Kilmer, all of Toronto.

Andreans Past and Future

THE ELLSWORTHS, PRIMUS AND SECUNDUS

W. A. Lofft (1937-40), Don McClelland (1936-40) and John Murray Bryan (1937-40) are in first year Commerce and Finance at Toronto University. John Webster Calhoun (1938-40) and Max Clarkson (1939-40) are both taking Social and Philosophical Studies, Clarkson being at Trinity College.

Douglas Gear (1939-40) is in the Aerial Navigation Course while Henry K. Hamilton (1937-40) is studying Mechanical Engineering, and John G. McClelland (1937-40) Engineering and Physics. Milton

Wilson, former head boy of the School, is undertaking the Honour Course in English Language and Literature at Trinity.

Bruce W. Allespach (1931-40) is attending Tulane University of Louisiana in New Orleans and bemoaning the absence of a swimming pool. The ocean should be somewhere near by, however, to console him. Brother Philip (1931-40) is putting on the finishing touches at the High School at Pascagoula, Mississippi.

In Memoriam

CHARLES ROBERT DRURY

(S.A.C. 1920-22)

Sgt. 5th Field Ambulance, R.C.A.M.C.

Accidentally killed, October 14, 1940,
while on Active Service in England.

Bob Drury was an outstanding member of the Rugby and Hockey Teams, when he was at the College and played in many an Old Boys' Game since that time.

Our sympathy is extended to his brother Harry (S.A.C. 1920-26) and to his sisters, in the loss which they have sustained.

Gordon R. McGregor (1912-18), long recognized as one of Canada's most skilful pilots, has recently been promoted to the rank of Acting Squadron Leader to succeed the distinguished Ernest McNab in command of his famous fighter squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force. He had previously been awarded the D.F.C. for destroying three Nazi planes.

Before the war McGregor was three times winner of the John Webster Memorial Trophy as the foremost amateur aviator in Canada.

Many Old Boys will remember that in April, 1938, McGregor flew from Kingston to attend the Old Boys' Dinner.

Dr. Frederick James Burchard died on December 6th, 1940, at the age of 63.

Son of eminent mathematician Dr. I. J. Burchard, he succeeded Professor Robert B. Thomson as Science Master in Yonge St. School, and as a House Master Senior House, from 1901-1903.

A keen mind and energetic teacher, he studied extensively in Germany. Later he was with Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research, New York, and Department of Agriculture, Washington. He then became Director Research Laboratory, Winnipeg.

Major-General H. F. H. Hertzberg (1900-04) has been appointed Commandant of the Royal Military College, Kingston.

Harold G. Smith (1901-03) of Hamilton has been appointed President of the Canadian Woollen and Knit Goods Manufacturers' Association.

Mr. Walter B. Ross (1935-38) has been awarded a Fellowship by the Royal Society of Canada and is now carrying on research work at Harvard.

In addition to being Chief Engineer of Trans-Canada Airway, John T. Dyment (1920-24) has been appointed Inspector of Munitions in Winnipeg.

George C. Hungerford (1933-35), who is a Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Regiment at Camp Borden, played on the Camp Borden Rugby Team.

We have just learned that Alex P. Van Wren (1933-37) is now living with his father, Major Sidney Van Wren, M.C., at Murray Field Place, 42 Tinakori Road, New Zealand.

In his first year at Trinity College Max Clarkson (1939-40) has been appointed one of the representatives on the Trinity College Literary Institute. He was also one of the mainstays of the Trinity College (intra mural) Soccer Team.

At a meeting of the Financial Statisticians' Association of Toronto, Mark F. Sprott (1921-29) of Bartlett, Cayley & Company was elected president for the year of 1941.

John F. McKinley (1908-10) of Ottawa has been named to the directorate of the Director General of Medical Services, National Defence Department, in charge of food and conservation of by-products in hospitals, with the rank of major.

Major McKinley is well qualified for his post because he organized and administered a similar branch in the Great War. The system of diet accounting, which is still in existence in military hospitals in Canada, was originated by Major McKinley's branch in the last war.

Major McKinley's post in the medical services is a full time job and thus he has secured leave of absence from the Ontario government for the duration from his peace time position of judge of the juvenile and family court at Ottawa and chairman of the Ontario Parole Board.

While waiting for entry into the R.C.A.F. Dean Seaton (1935-38) of Cordova Mines is working for Peacock Brothers, Montreal; his home address is 139 Brock St., Montreal. He joined up with the non-active force early last summer and completed his training at Petawawa last August.

J. Arnold Davison (1902-10) of Toronto Envelope Co. has donated to the Association a generous supply of envelopes with school crest. Our thanks are due to him for his thoughtfulness.

Harold Davies (1912-17), Gordon Hewitt (1911-19) and Fred Lyon (1918-23) has each suffered bereavement this autumn in the loss of his mother. The REVIEW and the Old Boys' Association extend sincere sympathy.

Don Kilpatrick (1934-39) is now an undergraduate in Engineering at McGill after taking a year in the preparatory course of Arts and Science at that University. With the definite assurance that 40% of his class must be eliminated this year, he reports that competition is uncomfortably keen. Competitive sports are at a minimum at McGill, but the C.O.T.C. bulks large among the student activities. Old Andrians are finding that their Cadet Corps experience is a distinct advantage to them.

Don gives us the following notes on Old Boys at McGill:

Dr. Monty Montgomery (1909-12) has given up his position in McGill's Faculty of Medicine and in addition to his regular practice is now Medical O.C. Military Hospital No. 14, C.A.S.F.—expects to go overseas. Holds rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Archer Ramsey, B.Sc. II (1937-39), represented McGill Sailing Club in the annual regatta at Boston recently.

Stewart Cockfield (1936-38) in his final year of Commerce is on the executive of McGill Athletic's Committee.

John Macdonald (1935-38) Pre-Med., enters Medicine next fall.

Roy Hastings, Arts I (1937-30), playing volleyball for his platoon in the Inter-Company Tournament.

Larry Hampson, B.Sc. II (1935-40).

Bart Ellis, Commerce I (1936-40).

David Kennedy (1933-36) a graduate of Commerce, now in business in Montreal (sorry I do not know details).

Drummy Birks (1933-36) a graduate of Commerce, in his father's business, is accepting a commission in 42nd.

Douglas Hampson (1935-39) stationed at Wireless School, R.C.A.F., Montreal.

Bim Macdonald (1936-39) gave up Commerce to join R.C.A.F. as an observer; doing well and going to Trenton soon.

John Kilpatrick (1936-38), Montreal High School, is missing S.A.C. (aren't we all!), was recently appointed Prefect—holds office of President of M.H.S. Hi-Y Club.

Don goes on to say that the McGill Reserve Battalion alone numbers over 1,400 men and that this, added to the C.O.T.C., brings the total strength up to about 2,400. It is thus the largest of all military units in and around Montreal.

Wills Maclachlan (1899), Consulting Engineer, has been elected President of the Royal Canadian Institute of Toronto, an office which has been held by a long succession of distinguished scientists, professional and business men of the city.

Births

HILTON—On June 6th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. John S. Hilton, Nassau, Bahamas, a son.

BANFIELD—On June 6th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. E. Arnold Banfield, a son.

SHIELDS—On June 23rd, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Shields, a son.

SPROTT—On July 22nd, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Sprott, a son.

MONTGOMERY—On July 29th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Scott Montgomery, a daughter.

JENNINGS—On August 12th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Ian L. Jennings, a son.

WORTS—On August 12th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. James G. Worts, a son.

GORDON—On August 18th, 1940, to Lieut. and Mrs. George O. Gordon, a son.

BREITHAUPT—On September 9th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Breithaupt, a son.

McWILLIAMS—On September 12th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. H. D. McWilliams, a son (David Gordon).

BLOOM—On September 19th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bloom, a daughter (Nancy Elizabeth).

PROCTOR—On October 12th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Courtney Proctor, a daughter.

DUNCANSON—On October 22nd, 1940, to Capt. and Mrs. A. A. Duncanson, a daughter.

ASHENHURST—On October 31st, 1940, to Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Ashenhurst, a son.

DINNICK—On November 5th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. John S. Dinnick, a son.

WHYTOCK—On November 15th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. James W. Whytock, a daughter.

HUME—On December 4th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick R. Hume, a son.

MADDOCKS—On December 4th, 1940, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Maddocks, a daughter.

Marriages

Carling-Kelly—On May 26th, 1940, Flight-Lieut. Caven Carling-Kelly married to Miss Gurnee Smith of Toronto.

MacMillan-Hendry—In June, 1940, 1940, Hugh MacMillan married to Miss Joan I. Hendry.

Forbes-Roberts—On June 29th, 1940, Thomas Richardson Forbes married to Miss Norma Jeanne Roberts.

Chipman-de Witt—On June 29th, 1940, Mr. A. M. Chipman married to Miss Elizabeth Connell de Witt of Wolville, N.S.

Holton-Maclennan—On June 29th, 1940, Philip M. Holton married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Maclennan of Windsor, Ont.

Johnston-Allen—On August 3rd, 1940, Frederic V. Johnston married to Miss Lilyas A. Allen of Pleasantville, N.Y.

Laurie-Beamish—On June 22nd, 1940, Donald A. R. Laurie married to Miss Jean Elizabeth Beamish.

Green-Inkster—On August 24th, 1940, John Lester Green married to Miss Miriam Inkster.

Gillespie-Hyland—On September 7th, 1940, Edward Martin Gillespie married to Miss Florence Jean Hyland.

Cox-Gibson—On September 21st, 1940, Alfred A. Cox married to Miss Marian Louise Gibson.

Gould-Chapin—On August 17th, 1940, Harold Fraser Gould married to Miss Ruth Chapin.

Smith-MacLeod—On October 5th, 1940, Carl Franklin Smith married to Miss Lillian MacLeod of Cobourg.

Hatfield-Hibbard—On November 9th, 1940, G. D. H. Hatfield married to Miss Muriel Eugenie Hibbard of Halifax.

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TORONTO, ONTARIO

O'Brien—"What would you do if you were in my shoes?"
Hunter—"Clean them."

* * *

Mr. Griffiths—"Can someone give me a use of cowhide?"
Cameron I—"Sure, to hold the cow together."

* * *

At this meeting it was suggested that a motion be made wherein Mr. Porter would receive a vote of thanks and praise for the fine manner in which he handled this year's rugby squad.

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Mr. Laidlaw—"Jones you should have been here five minutes ago."

Jones—"Why, what happened then?"

* * *

Mr. Laidlaw—"You have heard, that Babylon fell, and Nineveh was destroyed?"

Cobban—"And Tyre was punctured."

* * *

Mr. Millward—"Rapmund, I'm going to dust your trousers with this cane."

Rapmund—"Don't be old-fashioned, Sir, use a vacuum cleaner."

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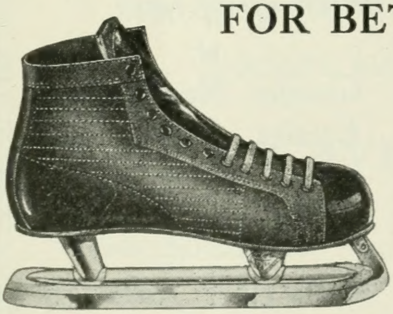

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"I donated a pint of blood when I was in the country."
"Sick friend?"
"No, those darned mosquitos."

* * *

Dear Miss Dix—"Should a father of fifty get married again?"
Miss Dix—"No, that is enough children for any man."

* * *

Hurter was walking towards the door. "Sod" dashed across the room and opened the door for Hurter. "Thanks" said Hurter, "but you still owe me that dime."

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3. A Faculty of Divinity in which Trinity exercises its University powers of conferring degrees and prepares candidates for the ministry of the Church.
4. Residences under College regulations for men—"Trinity House"; and for women students—"St. Hilda's"; also for members of the academic staff.
5. The new residence for women students, known as St. Hilda's, was opened in September, 1938.
6. The scholarships offered by the College have recently been revised and largely increased. Full particulars will be supplied on request.

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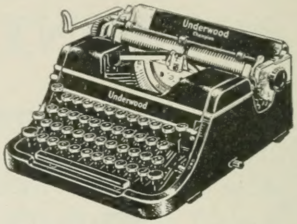
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"You left something behind."
"What?"
"Your footprints."
"Don't want them, they're dirty."

* * *

Mr. Jones—"How's business?"
Mr. Smith—"On the rocks."
Mr. Jones—"Too bad."
Mr. Smith—"Oh, no, I build lighthouses."

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Butler tried the old-fashioned method of kissing a girl's fingers.

The doctor says its the worst case of nicotine poisoning he's seen in years.

* * *

Hendrie—"Did Edison invent the first talking machine?"

Mr. Goodman (yelling)—"No, God made the first one, but Edison made the first one that could be shut off."

* * *

Kerr—"What part of a car causes the most accidents, sir?"

Dr. Robinson—"The nut behind the wheel."

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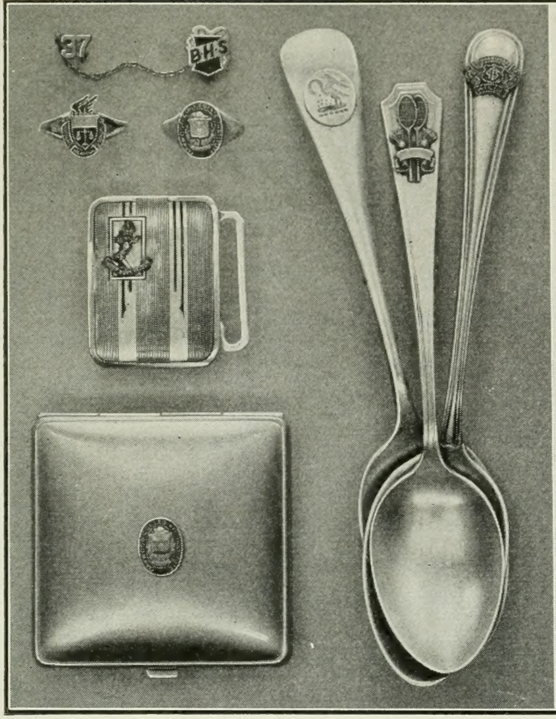

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AURORA ONTARIO

Kerr (in natural science class)—"What insect has head like an ant, legs like a spider, a body like a fly, and wings like a grasshopper?"

Mr. Griffiths (sceptically)—"Did it hum when you caught it?"

Kerr—"Yes, sir, I think it did."

Mr. Griffiths—"Well then it must be a humbug."

* * *

Cameron II—"Don't you think my moustache is becoming?"

Hunter—"It may be coming but it hasn't arrived yet."

* * *

Mr. Griffiths—"Now take the hen, it is immortal her son will never set."

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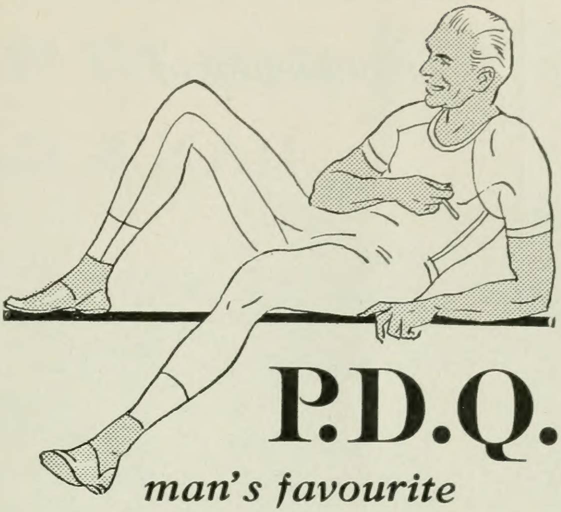

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AURORA **ONTARIO**

Why doesn't Hitler's goose lay golden eggs? (because it hasn't any propaganda).

* * *

Mr. Milward—"Explain the difference between abstract and concrete."

Nicholson—"When the school cook says she's going to make biscuits that's abstract. When she makes them that's concrete."

* * *

Worling I—"My hands are dirtier than yours."

Worling II—"Wait until I'm as old as you are."

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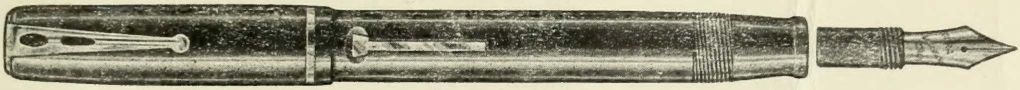

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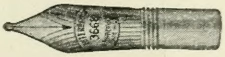

3668—Osmiridium tip. Firm, medium.

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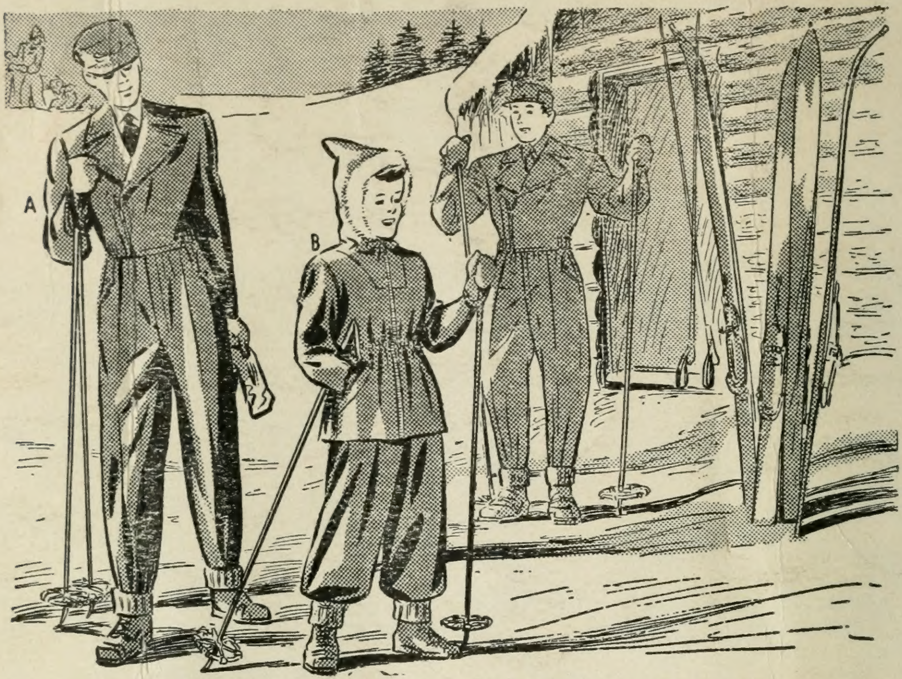

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